

THE  
**Song Evangel:**  
(WORDS ONLY.)

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

**HYMNS**

FOR

PRAYER MEETINGS, SABBATH SCHOOLS,  
CHURCH SERVICE, AND "TIMES  
OF REFRESHING."

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EDITED BY

REV. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND.

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NEW YORK AND CHICAGO:

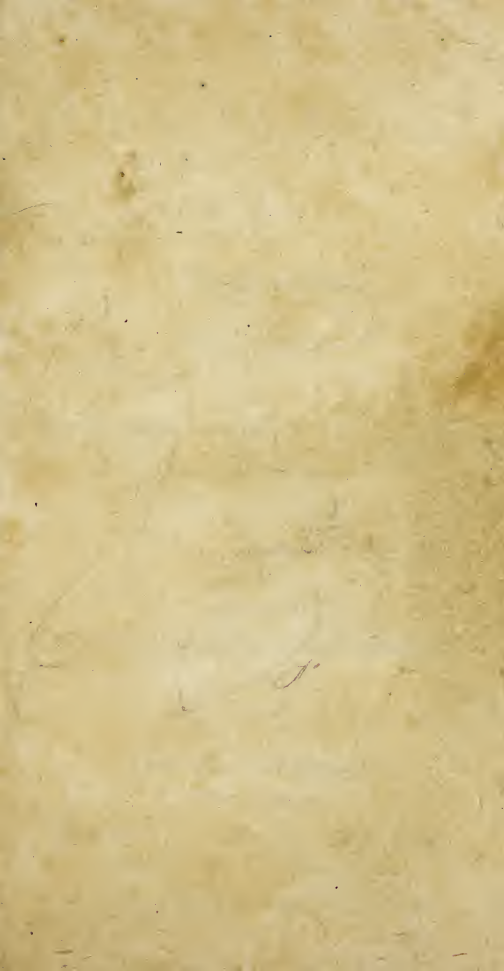
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**BIGLOW & MAIN**

(SUCCESSORS TO W. B. BRADBURY.)

For Sale by Booksellers and Music Dealers.





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## THE SONG EVANGEL,

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With music, has been extensively used in Sabbath Schools, Churches, Prayer Meetings, Evangelistic Services, and around the family altar, in all parts of the country.

In order that it may find even a wider field of usefulness, it is now issued in a cheaper form, with an addition of popular Hymns, new and old, for prayer and experience meetings.

Being adapted to those of all ages, it is our earnest desire that this "GOSPEL IN SONG" may be blessed by the Spirit of God, in leading thousands to love Him "WHO LOVED US, AND GAVE HIMSELF FOR US."

E. P. H.

VERNON, Conn., Nov., 1875.

# HYMNS

OF

## SONG EVANGEL.

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### No. 1. Saviour, like a Shepherd.

*Tune—S. E., page 3.*

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,  
Much we need Thy tend'rest care;  
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,  
For our use Thy folds prepare.  
||: Blessèd Jesus, Blessèd Jesus,  
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. :||

- 2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,  
Be the Guardian of our way;  
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,  
Seek us when we go astray.  
Blessèd Jesus,  
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.
- 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,  
Poor and sinful though we be,  
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,  
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.  
Blessèd Jesus,  
We will early turn to Thee.
- 4 Early let us seek Thy favor,  
Early let us do Thy will;  
Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,  
With Thy love our bosoms fill.  
Blessèd Jesus,  
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

*Dorothy Thrupp.*

### 2. The cleansing Wave.

*Tune—S. E., page 4.*

OH, now I see the crimson wave,  
The fountain deep and wide;  
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,  
Points to His wounded side.

CHO.—The cleansing stream, I see, I see !  
 I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me !  
 Oh, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me !  
 It cleanseth me, yes. cleanseth me !

- 2 I see the new creation rise  
 I hear the speaking blood,  
 It speaks ! polluted nature dies !  
 Sinks ! 'neath the cleansing flood.
- 3 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,  
 Above the world and sin,  
 With heart made pure, and garments white,  
 And Christ enthron'd within.
- 4 Amazing grace ! 'tis heaven below  
 To feel the blood applied.  
 And Jesus, only Jesus know,  
 My Jesus crucified.

*Mrs. Phæbe Palmer.*

### 3. Look ! look to Jesus.

*Tune—S. E., page 5.*

LOOK ! look to Jesus !  
 In yonder garden see !  
 He's bleeding there for thee,  
 Look ! look to Jesus.

2 Look ! look to Jesus !  
 In Pilate's judgment hall !  
 For thee He suffered all.  
 Look ! look to Jesus.

3 Look ! look to Jesus !  
 Upon the cruel tree :  
 He groaned and died for thee,  
 Look ! look to Jesus

4 Look ! look to Jesus !  
 Behold a Fountain free,  
 Is open there for thee  
 Look ! look to Jesus

5 Look ! look to Jesus  
 "FATHER," he cries. "FORGIVE,"  
 Then turn to Him and live,  
 Look ! look to Jesus.

6 Look ! look to Jesus :  
 For thee He intercedes,  
 His blood for thee now pleads !  
 Look ! look to Jesus.

7 Look ! look to Jesus  
 He's calling now for thee ,

"Poor sinner, look to Me,"

Look! look to Jesus.

- 8 Look! look to Jesus!  
If thou wouldst live above;  
Where all is peace and love,  
Look! look to Jesus.

E. P. H. 1873.

#### 4. Looking off unto Jesus.

*Tune—S. E., page 84.*

- O** EYES that are weary, and hearts that are sore,  
Look off unto Jesus, and sorrow no more;  
The light of His countenance shineth so bright,  
That on earth, as in heaven, there need be no night.
- 2 "Looking off unto Jesus," my eyes cannot see,  
The troubles and dangers that throng around me:  
They cannot be blinded with sorrowful tears,  
They cannot be shadowed with unbelief-fears.
- 3 "Looking off unto Jesus," I go not astray;  
My eyes are on Him, and He shows me the way;  
The path may seem dark, as he leads me along,  
But following Jesus, I cannot go wrong.
- 4 "Looking off unto Jesus," my heart cannot fear,  
Its trembling is still when I see Jesus near;  
I know that His power my safeguard will be,  
"For why are ye troubled?" he saith unto me.
- 5 "Looking off unto Jesus," oh! may I be found,  
When the waters of Jordan encompass me round;  
Let them bear me away in His presence to be:—  
'Tis but seeing Him nearer whom always I see.
- 6 Then, then I shall know the full beauty and grace  
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face;  
I shall know how His love went before me each day,  
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away!

*Anon.*

#### 5. Jesus lifted up.

*Tune—S. E., page 6.*

**D**EAR Jesus we would look to Thee,  
Upon the lifted cross;  
We pray that Thou would'st help us see  
||: Our righteousness as dross. :||

CHO.—We pray that Thou would'st help us see,  
Our righteousness as dross.

- 2 Thy work, dear Lord, and Thine alone,  
We make our only plea;

It only can for guilt atone,  
And set the sinner free.

- 3 Thy work, alas! we ne'er can tell,  
Its depths of agony;  
When Thou didst rescue us from hell,  
Upon the blood-stained tree.
- 4 In triumph then Thou didst proclaim,  
Salvation's work complete;  
Before our God we plead Thy name,  
"TIS FINISHED," we repeat.

*E. P. H. 1873.*

## 6. O precious blood.

*Tune—S. E., page 6.*

- O** PRECIOUS blood, O glorious death,  
By which the sinner lives!  
When stung with sin, this blood we view,  
And all our joy revives. CHO.—And all, &c.
- 2 The blood that purchased our release,  
And washes out our stains,  
We challenge earth and hell to show  
A sin it cannot cleanse.
- 3 Our scarlet crimes are made as wool,  
And we brought nigh to God;  
Thanks to that wrath-appeasing death,  
That heaven-procuring blood.
- 4 The blood that makes His glorious church  
From every blemish free;  
And oh! the riches of His love,  
He pour'd it out for me.
- 5 Guilty and worthless as I am,  
It all for me was given;  
And boldness through His blood I have  
To enter into heaven.
- 6 Thither in my great Surety's right,  
I surely shall be brought;  
He could not agonize in vain;  
Nor spend His strength for nought.

*A. M. Toplady, 1777.*

## 7. Over there.

*Tune—S. E., page 7.*

**I** HAVE heard of a place over there,  
Where Jesus, my Saviour doth reign;  
There will be no more death, over there,  
Neither sighing, nor sorrow, nor pain.

CHO.—O, I have a home over there, over there,  
Where Jesus my Saviour doth reign,  
'Tis a beautiful place over there, over there,  
over there.

2 I have friends that have gone over there,  
And I hope to rejoin them again ;  
How delighted to meet over there,  
And with loved ones forever remain.

3 There are angels that sing over there—  
How pleasant their singing must be ;  
There are crowns for the faithful to wear,  
And I trust there's a bright one for me.

4 There are mansions for all over there,  
For the poor and the homeless below ;  
There is room for the world over there,  
And my Saviour invites all to go.

*Rev. E. Watson.*

## 8. Accepting Jesus.

*Tune—S. E., page 8.*

WHAT shall I do with Jesus,  
The Christ who may be mine  
Accept him as my Saviour,  
Or spurn the gift divine ?  
His only Son God gave me—  
I must, I do decide ;  
And Christ I take to save me,  
Or Christ is now denied.

CHO,—“ What shall I do with Jesus ? ”  
I'll give my heart to Jesus !  
Upon the tree of Calvary  
He gave his life for me.

2 What shall I do with Jesus,  
The precious Lamb of God ?  
I cast my soul upon him—  
He bathes it in His blood ;  
I'll gratefully confess Him  
Before the vile and just ;  
My ransom'd pow'rs shall bless Him,  
My sure and only trust.

3 What shall I do with Jesus,  
For Him the cross I'll take ;  
All earthly losses suffer,  
Ere I the Lord forsake.

In scenes of joy and sighing  
 His love shall be the same;  
 While living and in dying,  
 I'll glory in His name

- 4 What now I do with Jesus,  
 When this brief life is past,  
 With me will be remembered  
 Before His bar at last.  
 He will not then disown me  
 With those who hate and scoff;  
 At His right hand He'll crown me—  
 He will not cast me off.

*S. D. Phelps, D. D.*

## 9. He leadeth me.

*Tune—S. E., page 9.*

**H**E leadeth me! O, blessed thought,  
 O, words with heav'nly comfort fraught;  
 Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
 Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REF.—He leadeth me! He leadeth me!  
 By His own hand He leadeth me;  
 His faithful follower I would be,  
 For by His hand He leadeth me.

- 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
 Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
 By waters still, o'er troubled sea—  
 Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

- 3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,  
 Nor ever murmur nor repine—  
 Content, whatever lot I see,  
 Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

- 4 And when my task on earth is done,  
 When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,  
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
 Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me.

*Rev. Jos. H. Gilmore, 1861.*

## 10. My soul takes delight.

*Tune—S. E., page 10.*

**O** THOU, in whose presence my soul takes delight,  
 On whom, in affliction, I call;  
 My comfort by day, and my song in the night,  
 My hope, my salvation, my all.

- 2 Where dost Thou at noontide resort with Thy sheep—  
 To feed in the pastures of love?



For why in the valley of death should I weep,  
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 O, why should I wander, an alien from Thee,  
Or cry in the desert for bread?

Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,  
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,  
Is heard through the shadow of death;  
The cedars of Lebanon bow at His feet,  
The air is perfumed with His breath.

5 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,  
To water the gardens of grace;  
From which their salvation the gentiles shall know,  
And bask in the smiles of His face.

6 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,  
And myriads wait for His word;  
He speaks, and eternity, filled with His voice,  
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

*Joseph Swain, 1797.*

## 11. Sweet Story.

*Tune—S. E., page 10.*

**I** THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,  
I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,—  
His arms had been thrown around me,  
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,  
“Let the little ones come unto me.”

3 Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go,  
And ask for a share in His love;  
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,  
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare,  
For all who are washed and forgiven;  
And many dear children are gathering there,  
“For of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

*Miss Jemima Thompson-Luke.*

## 12. We'll wait till Jesus comes.

*Tune—S. E., page 11.*

**O** LAND of rest, for thee I sigh,  
When will the moment come,  
When I shall lay my armor by,  
And dwell in peace at home.

CHO.—We'll wait till Jesus comes,  
 We'll wait till Jesus comes,  
 We'll wait till Jesus comes,  
 And we'll be gather'd home.

2 To Jesus Christ I'll flee for rest ;

He bids me cease to roam,  
 And lean for succor on His breast,  
 Till He conducts me home.

3 I'll seek at once my Saviour's side,

No more my steps shall roam ;  
 With Him I'll brave life's stormy tide,  
 And reach my heavenly home.

*Elizabeth Mills, 1829,*

13

## O Blessed Feet of Jesus.

*Tune—S. E., page 12.*

O BLESSED feet of Jesus,  
 Weary with seeking me !  
 Stand at God's bar of judgment,  
 And intercede for me.

CHO.—Intercede for me, my Saviour,  
 O intercede for me,  
 Stand at God's bar of judgment,  
 And intercede for me.

2 O knees which bent in anguish,  
 In dark Gethsemane,  
 Kneel at the throne of glory,  
 And intercede for me.

CHO.—Intercede for me, my Saviour,  
 O intercede for me,  
 Kneel at the throne of glory  
 And intercede for me.

3 O hands that were extended  
 Upon that awful tree !  
 Hold up those precious nail-prints  
 Which intercede for me.

4 O side from whence the spear-point  
 Brought blood and water free !  
 For healing and for cleansing !  
 Still intercede for me.

5 O head so deeply piercèd  
 With thorns which sharpest be,  
 Bend low before Thy Father,  
 And intercede for me.

6 O sacred heart ! such sorrows  
 The world may never see

As that which gave Thee warrant  
To intercede for me.

7 O body scarred and wounded,  
My sacrifice to be !  
Present Thy perfect offering,  
And intercede for me.

8 O loving, risen Saviour,  
From death and sorrow free ;  
Though throned in endless glory,  
Still intercede for me.

*Miss M. E. Winslow.*

# 14. Praise the Lord.

*Tune—S. E., page 13.*

**P**RAISE the Lord, He's pardoned me,  
From my load of sin I'm free,  
Now my Saviour I can see ;  
Praise the Lord.

CHO.—Glory, Hallelujah !  
Praise Him, hallelujah !  
Glory, hallelujah !  
To the Lamb.

2 Wondrous is the Father's love,  
Wondrous is the Saviour's love,  
Wondrous is the Spirit's love ;  
Praise the Lord.

3 Oh, what love was that which led  
God, the Victim's blood to shed,  
That we might be free from dread ;  
Praise the Lord.

4 Jesus' love no tongue can tell !  
He has rescued us from hell ;  
All our fears He now doth quell ;  
Praise the Lamb.

5 With what love the Spirit wins  
Stubborn souls from death and sin,  
Helps us to believe in Him.  
For us slain.

6 Help me now to Jesus cling,  
Till thro' heaven's high arches ring  
Loud hosannas to our King ;  
Praise the Lord.

*E. P. H.*

## 15.           Worthy is the Lamb.

*Tune—S. E., page 13.*

**W**ORTHY, worthy is the Lamb,  
 Worthy, worthy is the Lamb,  
 Worthy, worthy is the Lamb  
 That was slain.

- 2 Sons of morning, sing his praise,  
 In the noblest strains you raise,  
 Man's redemption claims your lays;  
     Praise the Lamb.
- 3 Christ has come in very deed,  
 Born to bruise the serpent's head;  
 Sinner, he's the Friend you need;  
     Praise the Lamb.
- 4 See in sad Gethsemane,  
 See, on tragic Calvary,  
 Sinner, see His love to thee;  
     Praise the Lamb.
- 5 Strike the stoutest sinner through,  
 Force the cry, "what shall I do?"  
 Let him weep till born anew;  
     Blessed Lamb.
- 6 Penitent, dry up your tears,  
 God hath heard believing prayers,  
 He forgives you when He hears  
     His dear Lamb.

## 16.           Jesus on the Cross.

*Tune—S. E., page 14.*

**H**ERE it was the Lord of glory  
 At Golgotha died for me,  
 Here I read the wondrous story  
 Of His death to set me free.

- 2 Here His hands and feet all bleeding,  
 Fast were nailed unto the cross;  
 Here His wounds for me were pleading,  
 When my gain was all His loss.
- 3 Here by God He was forsaken,  
 When He took the sinner's place;  
 For His sake I now am taken  
 Into favor under grace.
- 4 Here the sword of justice slew Him,  
 That I might be justified;  
 Praise the Lord I ever knew Him,  
 That for me He bled and died.

- 5 Blessed Jesus, I will love Thee,  
 Love Thee till my latest breath ;  
 And in heaven I will adore Thee,  
 When these eyes are closed in death.  
*E. P. H. 1866,*

17. Doxology.

*Tune—S. E., page 14.*

**M**AY the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
 And the Father's boundless love,  
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,  
 Rest upon us from above !

*J. Newton.*

18. To Day.

*Tune—S. E., page 14.*

**T**O-DAY the Saviour calls :  
 Ye wand'ers come ;  
 O, ye benighted souls,  
 Why longer roam !

2 To-day the Saviour calls ,  
 O, listen now :  
 Within these sacred walls  
 To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls :  
 For refuge fly :  
 The storm of justice falls,  
 And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day :  
 Yield to His power ;  
 Oh, grieve Him not away ;  
 'Tis mercy's hour.

*Rev. S. F. Smith, 1831.*

19. At the Door.

*Tune—S. E., page 15.*

**T**HE mistakes of my life are many,  
 The sins of my heart are more,  
 And I scarce can see for weeping,  
 But I knock at the open door.

**CHO.**—I know I am weak and sinful,  
 It comes to me more and more ;  
 But when the dear Saviour shall bid me come in,  
 I'll enter that open door.

2 I am lowest of those who love Him,  
 I am lowest of those who pray ;  
 But I come as He has bidden,  
 And He will not say me nay.

- 3 My mistakes His free grace will cover,  
 My sins He will wash away,  
 And the feet that shrink and falter  
 Shall walk thro' the gate of day.
- 4 The mistakes of my life are many,  
 - And my spirit is sick with sin,  
 And I scarce can see for weeping,—  
 But the Saviour will let me in.

*Una Locke.*

20.

## None but Jesus.

*Tune—S. E., page 16.*

**W**EEPING will not save me—  
 Tho' my face were bath'd in tears,  
 That could not allay my fears,  
 Could not wash the sins of years,  
 Weeping will not save me.

**CHO.**—Jesus wept and died for me ;  
 Jesus suffered on the tree ;  
 Jesus waits to make me free ;  
 He alone can save me.

2 Working will not save me—  
 Purest deeds that I can do,  
 Holiest thought and feelings too,  
 Cannot form my soul anew,  
 Working will not save me.

3 Waiting will not save me—  
 Helpless, guilty, lost, I lie ;  
 In my ear is mercy's cry ;  
 If I wait I can but die—  
 Waiting will not save me.

4 Faith in Christ will save me—  
 Let me trust Thy weeping Son :  
 Trust the work that He has done ;  
 To His arms, Lord, help me run—  
 Faith in Christ will save me.

*Rev. R. Lowry*

21.

## Almost Persuaded.

*Tune—S. E., page 17.*

**“A**LMOST persuaded” now to believe ;  
 “Almost persuaded” Christ to receive.  
 Seems now some soul to say,  
 “Go, spirit, go thy way,  
 Some more convenient day,  
 On Thee I'll call.”

- 2 “Almost persuaded,” come, come to-day .  
 “Almost persuaded,” turn not away.

Jesus invites you here,  
 Angels are ling'ring near,  
 Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear ;  
 O, wand'rer come!

- 3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past ;  
 "Almost persuaded," doom comes at last !  
 "Almost" cannot avail ;  
 "Almost" is but to fail !  
 Sad, sad that bitter wail—  
 "Almost, *but lost !*"

*P. P. Bliss.*

## 22. Jesus, Saviour, pity me.

*Tune—S. E., page 58.*

**J**ESUS, Saviour, pity me,  
 Hear me when I cry to Thee,  
 I've a very wicked heart,  
 Full of sin in every part.

**CHO.**—Dear Jesus, hear me,  
 Dear Jesus, hear me,  
 Dear Jesus, hear me,  
 Oh, listen to my prayer.

2 I can never make it good,  
 Wilt Thou wash me in Thy blood ;  
 Jesus, Saviour, pity me,  
 Hear me when I pray to Thee.

3 When I try to do Thy will,  
 Sin is in my bosom still,  
 And I soon do something bad ;  
 Then my heart is dark and sad.

4 Now I come to Thee for aid,  
 All my hope on Thee is stayed ;  
 Thou hast bled and died for me,  
 I will give myself to Thee.

*E. P. H.*

## 23. Loving kindness.

*Tune—S. E., page 18.*

**A**WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,  
 And sing the great Redeemer's praise ;  
 He justly claims a song from me ;  
 His loving kindness, O how free !

**CHO.**—His loving kindness, Loving kindness,  
 His loving kindness, O how free.

2 He saw me ruin'd by the fall,  
 Yet loved me notwithstanding all,



- He saved me from my lost estate,  
His loving-kindness, O, how great.
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
Though earth and hell my way oppose,  
He safely leads my soul along,  
His loving-kindness, O how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,  
He near my soul has always stood,  
His loving-kindness, O how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart,  
Prone from my Jesus to depart;  
But though I have Him oft forgot,  
His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;  
O! may my last expiring breath  
His loving-kindness sing in death.
- 7 Then let me mount and soar away,  
To that bright world of endless day,  
And sing, with rapture and surprise,  
His loving-kindness in the skies.

*Samuel Medley, 1787.*

## 24. Thou Hidden Love of God.

*Tune—S. E., page 19.*

**T**HOU hidden love of God, whose height,  
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows,  
I see from far Thy beauteous light,  
And inly sigh for Thy repose,  
||: My heart is pain'd, nor can it be  
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee. :||

- 2 Is there a thing beneath the sun  
That strives with Thee my heart to share?  
Oh, tear it thence, and reign alone,  
The Lord of every motion there.  
||: Then shall my heart from earth be free  
When it has found repose in Thee. :||
- 3 Oh, hide this self from me, that I  
No more, but Christ in me may live;  
My vile affections mortify.  
Nor let one darling sin survive.  
||: In all things nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire or seek but Thee. :||



- 4 Each moment calls from earth away  
 My heart, which lowly waits Thy call;  
 Speak to my inmost soul and say,  
 "I am thy life, thy God, thy all."  
 ¶ To know Thy power, to hear Thy voice,  
 To feel Thy love, be all my choice. :||

*Tr. by John Wesley, 1739.*

## 25. Power of Prayer.

*Tune—S. E., page 19.*

**J**ESUS, where'er Thy people meet,  
 There they behold Thy mercy-seat,  
 Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found.  
 And every place is hallowed ground,  
 For Thou, within no walls confined,  
 Inhabitest the humblest mind;  
 Such ever bring Thee where they come,  
 And, going, take Thee to their home.

- 2 Here may we prove the power of prayer,  
 To strengthen faith, and banish care,—  
 To teach our faint desires to rise,  
 And bring all heaven before our eyes.  
 Lord, we are weak, but Thou art near,  
 Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;  
 O, rend the heavens, come quickly down,  
 And make the sinner's heart Thine own.

*Wm. Cowper*

## 26. . Dennis.

*Tune—S. E., page 20.*

**I** LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,  
 The house of Thine abode,  
 The church our blest Redeemer saved  
 With His own precious blood.

- 2 I love Thy church, O God;  
 Her walls before Thee stand,  
 Dear as the apple of Thine eye,  
 And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 If e'er my heart forget  
 Her welfare or her woe,  
 Let every joy this heart forsake,  
 And every grief o'erflow.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy,  
 I prize her heavenly ways;  
 Her sweet communion. solemn vows,  
 Her hymns of love and praise.

*T. Dwight, 1800.*

## 27. The Accepted Time.

*Tune—S. E., page 20.*

**N**OW is the accepted time,  
 Now is the day of grace;  
 Now, sinners, come without delay,  
 And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is the accepted time,  
 The Saviour calls to-day;  
 To-morrow it may be too late,—  
 Then why should you delay.

3 Now is the accepted time,  
 The Gospel bids you come;  
 And every promise in His word  
 Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,  
 And feast them with Thy love;  
 Then will the angels swiftly fly,  
 And bear the news above.

*John Dobell, 1806.*

## 28. The Blood.

*Tune—S. E., page 20.*

**I** HEAR the words of Love,  
 I gaze upon the blood,  
 I see the mighty sacrifice,  
 And I have peace with God.

2 'Tis everlasting peace!  
 Sure as Jehovah's name,  
 'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,  
 For evermore the same.

3 That which can shake the Cross,  
 May shake the peace it gave;  
 Which tells me Christ has never died,  
 Or never left the grave!

4 Till then my peace is sure,  
 It will not, cannot yield;  
 Jesus I know, has died and lives—  
 On this firm rock I build.

## 29. Praise is comely.

*Tune—S. E., page 20.*

**S**WEET is the work, O Lord,  
 Thy glorious acts to sing,  
 To praise Thy name, and hear Thy word:  
 And grateful off'rings bring.

- 2 Sweet at the dawning light,  
Thy boundless love to tell;  
And when approach the shades of night,  
Still on the theme to dwell.
- 3 Sweet on the day of rest,  
To join, in heart and voice,  
With those who love and serve Thee best,  
And in Thy name rejoice.
- 4 To songs of praise and joy,  
Be every Sabbath given,  
That such may be our best employ  
Eternally in heaven.

*Harriet Auber, 1829.*

### 30. Title Clear.

*Tune—S. E., page 21.*

**W**HEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.

**CHO.**—We will stand ( stand the storm ) the storm,  
( It will not be very long, )  
We will anchor by and by ;  
We will stand ( stand the storm ) the storm  
( It will not be very long, )  
We'll anchor by and by.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And fiery darts be hurled ;  
Yet I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall ;  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

*Watts*

### 31. The Valley of Blessing

*Tune—S. E., page 22.*

**I** HAVE entered the valley of blessing so sweet,  
And Jesus abides with me there ;  
And His Spirit and blood make my cleansing complete,  
And His perfect love casteth out fear.

CHO.—Oh, come to this valley of blessing so sweet,  
Where Jesus will fulness bestow,—  
Oh, believe, and receive, and confess Him,  
That all His salvation may know.

2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,  
And plenty the land doth impart;  
There is rest for the weary-worn traveler's feet,  
And joy for the sorrowing heart.

3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,  
Such as none but the blood-washed may feel;  
When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,  
And Christ sets His covenant seal.

4 There's a song in the valley of blessing, so sweet  
That angels would fain join the strain.  
As, with rapturous praises, we bow at His feet,  
Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain."

*Annie Willenmyer.*

### 32. Thy heart with Jesus.

*Tune—S. E., page 23.*

GO, leave thy heart with Jesus,  
And tell Him all thy care;  
Go seek a throne of mercy,  
And find a refuge there;  
Tho' dim with tears of sorrow  
Thy weary eyes may be,  
Look up and trust in Jesus,  
Who bore the cross for thee.

2 Go, leave thy sins with Jesus,  
The life, the truth, the way;  
Whose precious blood has cancell'd  
The debt thou could'st not pay.  
Thy faith must bring the blessing  
Of peace and pardon free,  
Look up and trust in Jesus,  
Who bore the cross for thee.

3 Go, leave thy fears with Jesus,  
Thy hopes, thy love, thy all;  
And then in calm submission  
Await Thy Father's call;  
When angels hover round thee,  
And earthly scenes decay,  
O lean thy head on Jesus,  
And breathe thy life away.

*Fanny J. Crosby, 1869.*

## 33. Safe within the Vail.

*Tune—S. E., page 24.*

“**L**AND ahead !” Its fruits are waving  
 O’er the hills of fadeless green ;  
 And the living waters laving  
 Shores where heav’nly forms are seen.

CHO.—Rocks and storms I’ll fear no more,  
 When on that eternal shore ;  
 Drop the anchor ! Furl the sail !  
 I am safe within the vail !

2 Onward, bark ! the cape I’m rounding ;  
 See the blessèd wave their hands ;  
 Hear the harps of God resounding  
 From the bright immortal bands.

3 There, let go the anchor, riding  
 On this calm and silv’ry bay ;  
 Seaward fast the tide is gliding,  
 Shores in sunlight stretch away.

4 Now we’re safe from all temptation,  
 All the storms of life are past ;  
 Praise the Rock of our salvation,  
 We are safe at home at last !

*Rev. E. Adams.*

## 34. O Lord, Thou knowest.

*Tune—S. E., page 25.*

**N**O one knows but Jesus how sinful I have been ;  
 No one knows but Jesus all my heart within ;  
 No one knows but Jesus my conflicts day by day ;  
 No one like Jesus guideth my way.  
 No one like Jesus temptation can feel ;  
 No one like Jesus my sorrow can heal.  
 No one knows, &c.

2 No one knows but Jesus how oft His name I plead ;  
 No one knows but Jesus everything I need :  
 No one knows but Jesus how humble I would be ;  
 No one like Jesus careth for me.  
 No one like Jesus will comfort and cheer,  
 Pity my weakness, and banish my fear.

3 No one else like Jesus so ready to forgive —  
 Pledge and promise broken nearer Him to live ;  
 No one knows but Jesus the secret tears that fall ;  
 No one like Jesus hears when I call.  
 No one but Jesus my refuge shall be ;  
 No one will love me so dearly as He.

*Fanny J. Crosby.*

## 35. Will you meet us?

*Tune—S. E., page 26.*

- 1 || SAY, Christians, will you meet us, :||  
     On Canaan's happy shore ?
- 2 || By the grace of God we'll meet you, :||  
     On Canaan's happy shore.
- 3 || Say, sinners, will you meet us, :||  
     On Canaan's happy shore ?
- 4 || Trusting Jesus, we will meet you, :||  
     On Canaan's happy shore.
- 5 || Dear children, will you meet us, :||  
     On Canaan's happy shore ?
- 6 || With our Saviour's help we'll meet you, :||  
     On Canaan's happy shore.
- 7 || Dear young Converts, will you meet us, :||  
     Where parting is no more ?
- 8 || There we'll praise our blessed Saviour, :||  
     On that bright blissful shore.

*E. P. H.*

## 36. Worthy the Lamb.

*Tune—S. E., page 26.*

- COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
     With angels round the throne ;  
 Ten thousand, thousand are their tongues,  
     But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,  
     To be exalted thus :  
 Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,  
     For He was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
     Honor and power divine ;  
 And blessings more that we can give  
     Be, Lord, forever Thine.

*I. Watts.*

## 37. Keep on Praying.

*Tune—S. E., page 27.*

- LONG my spirit pined in sorrow,  
 Watching, waiting all in vain ;  
 Waiting for a golden morrow,  
     Free from worldly care and pain ;  
 When I heard a sweet voice saying,  
     In the accents of a friend,  
 Cheer up, brother, "keep on praying,"  
     Keep on praying to the end.



CHO.—When our wayward thoughts are straying,  
 When God's mercy seems delaying,  
 Then in faith we'll keep on praying,  
 Keep on praying, Keep on praying to the end.

2 Ye, who sigh for holy pleasures,  
 Ye, who mourn your load of sin,  
 "Keep on praying," heavenly treasures  
 In the end you're sure to win;  
 Wrestle with the Lord of glory,  
 Lay your troubles at His feet,  
 Plead with faith in Calvary's story,  
 Till your joys are all complete.

3 How the angel band rejoices  
 When a kneeling mortal prays;  
 Hear them cry, in heavenly voices,  
 "Keep on praying" all your days;  
 Pray until you reach fair Canaan,  
 Reach the pearly gates of day,  
 Then your bliss shall end in glory,  
 And shall never pass away.

*Mrs. M. A. Kidder.*

38. Jesus died for us.

*Tune—S. E., page 28.*

**A**LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?  
 And did my Sovereign die?  
 Would He devote that sacred head  
 For such a worm as I?

CHO.—Jesus died for you,  
 Jesus died for me,  
 Yes, Jesus died for all mankind,  
 Bless God, salvation's free.

2 Was it for crimes that I had done  
 He groaned upon the tree?  
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
 And love beyond degree.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
 And shut his glories in,  
 When Christ the mighty Maker died  
 For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face  
 While His dear cross appears,  
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
 And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
 The debt of love I owe;  
 Here, Lord, I give myself away;  
 'Tis all that I can do.

*I. Watts, 1707.*

## 39. Why weepest thou ?

*Tune—S. E., page 29.*

“**W**HY weepest thou ? Whom seekest thou ?  
 O, wouldst thou see our Jesus ?  
 Behold Him near, He marks each tear,  
 Our blessed, loving Jesus.

REF.—O believe Him ; O receive Him—  
 There is none like Jesus ;  
 He is near thee ; He will cheer thee  
 Only trust in Jesus.

2 Why weepest thou, And seekest thou,  
 With doubting and repining ?  
 O lift thine eye ! Thou shalt descry  
 His raiment near thee, shining.

3 Believe Him now ; Receive Him now ;  
 Look up, with faith and meekness,  
 To Jesus' blood, Which freely flowed  
 For all Thy sin and weakness.

4 Believest thou ? Cease weeping now—  
 Thy soul He will deliver ;  
 The Cross He bore ; Our sins He wore,  
 And nailed them there forever.

*Mrs. Annie S. Hawks.*

## 40. Battling for the Lord.

*Tune—S. E., page 30.*

**W**E'VE listed in a holy war,  
 Battling for the Lord ?  
 Eternal life, our guiding star,  
 Battling for the Lord.

CHO.—We'll work till Jesus comes,  
 We'll work till Jesus comes,  
 We'll work till Jesus comes,  
 And then we'll rest at home,

2 We've girded on our armor bright,  
 Battling for the Lord !  
 Our Captain's word our strength and might,  
 Battling for the Lord !

3 We'll stand like heroes on the field,  
 Battling for the Lord !  
 And in His strength we'll never yield,  
 Battling for the Lord !

4 Though sin and death our way oppose,  
 Battling for the Lord !  
 Through grace we'll conquer all our foes,  
 Battling for the Lord !



- 5 And when our glorious war is o'er,  
 Conqu'rors through the Lord!  
 We'll shout salvation evermore,  
 Conqu'rors through the Lord!

*Arr. by F. J. C.*

41.                   Trusting in Thee,  
                       *Tune—S. E., page 31.*

I AM coming to the cross:  
 I'm poor and weak and blind;  
 I'm counting all but dross;  
 I shall full salvation find.

CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in thee;  
 Dear Lamb of Calvary;  
 Humbly at thy cross I bow;  
 Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee;  
 Long has evil reigned within;  
 Jesus sweetly speaks to me,  
 I will cleanse you from all sin.

3 Here I give my all to thee,—  
 Friends, and time, and earthly store  
 Soul and body Thine to be,—  
 Wholly Thine—forever more.

4 In the promises I trust;  
 Now I feel the blood applied;  
 I am prostrate in the dust;  
 I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!  
 Perfected in love I am;  
 I am every whit made whole;  
 Glory, glory to the Lamb.

*Rev. Wm. McDonald.*

42.                   Christ all and in All.

*Tune—S. E., page 31.*

SAVIOUR of the sin-sick soul,  
 Give me faith to make me whole;  
 Finish Thy great work of grace,  
 Cut it short in righteousness.

2 Speak the second time—Be clean,  
 Take away my inbred sin;  
 Every stumbling-block remove,  
 Cast it out by perfect love.

3 Nothing less will I require;  
 Nothing more can I desire;  
 None but Christ to me be given;  
 None but Christ in earth or heaven.

- 4 O that I might now decrease ;  
 O that all I am might cease ;  
 Let me into nothing fall,  
 Let my Lord be all in all.

C. Wesley.

43.

## Christ is All.

Tune—S. E., page 31.

- I**N Thy cross is all my plea,  
 By Thy bonds am I made free,  
 By Thy stripes my soul is healed,  
 By Thy blood my pardon sealed.
- 2 By that cruel crown of thorns,  
 Holy peace my brow adorns ;  
 By those mocking taunts and fears,  
 I am saved from shame and tears.
- 3 Just, by Jesus justified,  
 When beneath my sins He died !  
 Righteous, by Thy righteousness,  
 Thine own robe my perfect dress !
- 4 Perfect, by Thy perfect life ;  
 Peaceful, by Thy holy strife ;  
 Pure, by Jesus purified,  
 In the fountain from Thy side.
- 5 Holy, by Thy holiness,  
 Weary, by Thy weariness :  
 By Thy sorrow I may sing ;  
 From Thy groans my pleasures spring.
- 6 Thou wast poor : how rich am I !  
 Thou wast homeless, Jesus, why ?  
 Only that my soul might share  
 Mansions here and mansions there.
- 7 By Thy rising I shall rise,  
 Death must yield his transient prize :  
 Thine ascension, mine shall be !  
 All Thy glory I shall see !
- 8 Cross of Christ here, *here* I fall,  
 Pleading only, CHRIST IS ALL ;  
 This, my God, my Judge, shall be !  
 At thy bar *my only plea*.

E. P. H.

44.

## Come, thou Fount.

Tune S. E., page 32.

**C**OME, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,  
 Tune my heart to sing Thy grace ;  
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,  
 Call for songs of loudest praise.

CHO.—I love Jesus, Hallelujah,  
I love Jesus, yes I do,  
I do love Jesus, He's my Saviour,  
Jesus smiles and loves me too.

2 Jesus sought me, when a stranger,  
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm coustrained to be !  
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

4 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;  
Prone to leave the God I love ;  
Here's my heart, O, take and seal it ;  
Seal it for Thy courts above.

*Rev. Robert Robinson, 1758.*

#### 45. Rejoicing in Christ.

*Tune—S. E., page 32.*

**I** HAVE found a precious Saviour,  
He has washed my sins away ;  
Now rejoicing in His favor,  
I am happy all the day.

2 Lost in sin, I wandered, weary,  
Far from Jesus, far from home  
Till he came in love to cheer me,  
Sweetly calling, " Wanderer come ! "

3 Pardon full and free he offered,  
Showed His bleeding hands and side,  
Told me how for *me* He suffered,  
For *my* sins was crucified.

4 Then my heart with thanks o'erflowing,  
Yielded to His gracious call ;  
At His feet in sorrow bowing,  
Gave to Him my life, my all.

*Miss Campbell, Newark, N. J. 1864.*

#### 46. Rest in Thee.

*Tune—S. E., page 33.*

**B**LESSED Jesus, Blessèd Jesus,  
Thou who gav'st Thyself for me,  
Leave me not in sin to wander,  
Bid me come and rest in Thee.

REF.—Rest in Thee, rest in Thee,  
Bid me come and rest in Thee ;  
Rest in Thee, rest in Thee,  
Bid me come and rest in Thee.

- 2 Hope of all the meek and lowly,  
Thou my hope and joy shall be;  
Blesséd Jesus, Blessed Jesus,  
Bid me come and rest in Thee.
- 3 Draw me from each sinful striving;  
From myself O set me free;  
Blesséd Jesus, Blesséd Jesus,  
Bid me come and rest in Thee.
- 4 Highest, purest, sweetest pleasure,  
Shall Thy service bring to me;  
Blesséd Jesus, Blesséd Jesus,  
Bid me come and rest in Thee.

*E. Turney, D.D.*

47. My home is there.

*Tune—S. E., page 34.*

**A**BOVE the waves of earthly strife,  
Above the ills and cares of life,  
Where all is peaceful, bright and fair;  
My home is there, My home is there.

CHO.—My beautiful home, My beautiful home,  
In the land where the glorified ever shall roam  
Where angels bright wear crowns of light,  
My home is there, my home is there.

- 2 Where living fountains sweetly flow,  
Where birds and flowers immortal grow,  
Where trees their fruit celestial bear,  
My home is there, my home is there.
- 3 Away from sorrow, doubt and pain,  
Away from worldly loss and gain,  
From all temptation, fears and care;  
My home is there, my home is there.
- 4 Beyond the bright and pearly gates,  
Where Jesus, loving Saviour, waits,  
Where all is peaceful, bright and fair;  
My home is there, my home is there.

*Mrs. M. A. Kidder.*

48. Glory to the Lamb.

*Tune—S. E., page 35.*

**T**HE world is overcome  
By the blood of the Lamb  
Glory to the Lamb, &c.

- 2 My sins are washed away  
In the blood of the Lamb!  
Glory to the Lamb, &c.

- 3 I've washed my garments white,  
Through the blood of the Lamb;  
Glory to the Lamb, &c.
- 4 I've lost the fear of death,  
Through the blood of the Lamb;  
Glory to the Lamb, &c.
- 5 The martyrs overcame,  
By the blood of the Lamb;  
Glory to the Lamb, &c.
- 6 I soon shall gain the skies,  
Through the blood of the Lamb;  
Glory to the Lamb, &c.

# 49. The precious Name.

*Tune—S. E., page 36.*

**T**AKE the name of Jesus with you,  
Child of sorrow and of woe—  
It will joy and comfort give you,  
Take it then where'er you go.

**CHO.**—Precious name, O how sweet!  
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n,  
Precious name, O how sweet!  
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.

2 Take the name of Jesus ever  
As a shield from every snare;  
If temptations 'round you gather,  
Breathe that Holy name in prayer.

3 Oh, the precious name of Jesus;  
How it thrills our souls with joy,  
When His loving arms receive us,  
And His songs our tongues employ!

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,  
Falling prostrate at His feet,  
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him,  
When our journey is complete.

*Mrs. Lydia Baxter.*

# 50. I need Thee every hour.

*Tune—S. E., page 37.*

**I** NEED Thee every hour,  
Most gracious Lord;  
No tender voice like Thine  
Can peace afford.

**REF.**—I need Thee, oh! I need Thee;  
Every hour I need Thee;  
O bless me now, my Saviour!  
I come to Thee.

- 2 I need Thee every hour ;  
 Stay Thou near by ;  
 Temptations lose their pow'r  
 When Thou art nigh.
- 3 I need Thee every hour,  
 In joy or pain ;  
 Come quickly and abide,  
 Or life is vain.
- 4 I need Thee every hour ;  
 Teach me Thy will ;  
 And Thy rich promises  
 In me fulfill.
- 5 I need Thee every hour,  
 Most Holy One ;  
 Oh, make me Thine indeed,  
 Thou blessed Son.

*Mrs. Annie S. Hawks.*

51.

### Help and relieve.

*Tune—S. E., page 37.*

**F**ATHER, the storm is high,  
 Dark clouds shut out the sky ;  
 Trembling to Thee I fly :  
 Comfort and save.

- 2 Hark to the tempest's roar !  
 Open to me the door ;  
 My confidence restore :  
 Comfort and save.
- 3 O God ! temptation's nigh ;  
 Sin clouds the azure sky,  
 To Thee for aid I fly :  
 Help and relieve.
- 4 Hear, Father ! hear my cry ;  
 And if I live or die,  
 Saviour, be ever nigh :  
 Help and relieve.

*C. E. Pond.*

52.

### He paid the debt.

*Tune—S. E., page 38.*

**M**Y soul complete in Jesus stands,  
 It fears no more the law's demands ;  
 The smile of God is sweet within,  
 Where all before was guilt and sin.

**CHO.**—He paid the debt for you,  
 He paid the debt for me ;  
 He brings the captive liberty ;  
 His truth can make the sinner free ;  
 His blood was shed for you and me.

- 2 My soul at rest in Jesus lives,  
Accepts the peace His pardon gives;  
Receives the grace His death secur'd,  
And pleads the anguish He endured.
- 3 A song of praise my soul shall sing  
To our eternal, glorious King;  
Shall worship humbly at His feet,  
In whom alone it stands complete.

*Mrs. G. W. Hinsdale, 1865.*

53.

Tell the Story.

*Tune—S. E., page 39.*

I LOVE to tell the story,  
Of unseen things above,  
Of Jesus and His glory,  
Of Jesus and His love:  
I love to tell the story,  
Because I know 'tis true;  
It satisfies my longings,  
As nothing else can do,

CHO.—I love to tell the story,  
'Twill be my theme in glory,  
To tell the Old, Old Story,  
Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the story,  
More wonderful it seems  
Than all the golden fancies,  
Of all our golden dreams:  
I love to tell the story,  
It did so much for me!  
And that is just the reason  
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story,  
'Tis pleasant to repeat  
What seems, each time I tell it,  
More wonderfully sweet:  
I love to tell the story,  
For some have never heard  
The message of salvation,  
From God's own holy word.

4 I love to tell the story,  
For those who know it best  
Seem hungering and thirsting  
To hear it like the rest.  
And when, in scenes of glory,  
I sing the New, New Song,  
'Twill be the Old, Old Story  
That I have loved so long.

*Miss Kate Hankey, 1867.*



54.

## At the Cross.

*Tune—S. E., page 40.*

**M**OURNER, wheresoe'er thou art,  
*At the cross there's room ;*  
 Tell the burden of thy heart ;  
*At the cross there's room ;*  
 Tell it in thy Saviour's ear,  
 Cast away thy every fear,  
 Only speak, and He will hear ;  
*At the cross there's room.*

2 Haste thee, wanderer, tarry not ;  
*At the cross there's room ;*  
 Seek that consecrated spot ;  
*At the cross there's room ;*  
 Heavy laden, sore oppressed,  
 Love can soothe thy troubled breast ;  
 In the Saviour find thy rest ;  
*At the cross there's room.*

3 Thoughtless sinner, come to-day ;  
*At the cross there's room ;*  
 Hark ! the Bride and Spirit say,  
*At the cross there's room.*  
 Now a living fountain see ;  
 Opened there for you and me,  
 Rich and poor, for bond and free ;  
*At the cross there's room.*

4 Blessed thought. for every one  
*At the cross there's room ;*  
 Love's atoning work is done ;  
*At the cross there's room ;*  
 Streams of boundless mercy flow,  
 Free to all who thither go ;  
 O that all the world might know,  
*At the cross there's room !*

*Fanny J. Crosby.*

55.

## The Bright Forever.

*Tune—S. E., page 41.*

**B**REAKING thro' the clouds that gather  
 O'er the Christian's natal skies,  
 Distant beams like floods of glory,  
 Fill the soul with glad surprise ;  
 And we almost hear the echo  
 Of the pure and holy throng,  
 In the bright, the bright forever,  
 In the summer-land of song.



CHO.—On the banks beyond the river,  
We shall meet no more to sever  
In the bright, the bright forever.  
In the summer-land of song.

Yet a little while we linger,  
Ere we reach our journey's end ;  
Yet a little while to labor,  
Ere the evening shades descend ;  
Then we'll lay us down to slumber,  
But the night will soon be o'er ;  
In the bright, the bright forever  
We shall wake to sleep no more.

3 O the bliss of life eternal !  
O the long unbroken rest !  
In the golden fields of pleasure,  
In the region of the blest.  
But to see our dear Redeemer,  
And before His throne to fall,  
There to hear His gracious welcome—  
Will be sweeter far than all.

*Fanny J. Crosby, 1871.*

## 56. Near the Cross.

*Tune--S. E., page 42.*

**J**ESUS keep me near the cross,  
There a precious fountain,  
Free to all, a healing stream,  
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

CHO.—In the Cross, In the Cross  
Be my glory ever,  
Till my raptured soul find  
Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the Cross, a trembling soul  
Love and mercy found me ;  
There the bright and morning star  
Shed its beams around me.

3 Near the Cross! oh Lamb of God,  
Bring its scenes before me ;  
Help me walk from day to day,  
With its shadow o'er me.

4 Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,  
Hoping, trusting ever,  
Till I reach the golden strand,  
Just beyond the river.

*Fanny J.*

57.

## Response.

*Tune—S. E., page 42.***J**ESUS, am I near to Thee ?

Then, no more delaying,  
I must in the vineyard be,  
Watching, working, praying.

**CHO.**—In the Cross, In the Cross  
Be my glory ever,  
Till my raptured soul shall find  
Rest beyond the river.

2 Every heart that's near to Thee,  
Is for sinners seeking ;  
All their bitter need doth see,  
Is for them entreating.

3 Near to Jesus all the time,  
He will leave me never ;  
I am His and He is mine.  
I am safe forever.

*E. P. H.*

58.

## Oh ! Happy Day.

*Tune—S. E., page 43.*

**O**H ! happy day that fixed my choice  
On Thee, my Saviour and my God !  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.

**CHO.**—Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away :  
He taught me how to watch and pray.  
And live rejoicing every day ;  
Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done ;  
I am my Lord's and He is mine ;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

3 Now rest my long divided heart ;  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest,  
Nor ever from thy Lord depart ;  
With Him of every good possessed.

*Dr. Philip Doddridge.*

59.

## Come Sinners.

*Tune—S. E., page 43.*

**C**OME, sinners view the Lamb of God,  
Wounded and dead and bathed in blood ;

Behold His side, and venture near,  
The well of endless life is here.

CHO.—Happy day, &c.

- 2 Here we forget our cares and pains,  
We drink, yet still our thirst remains;  
Only the Fountain-head above  
Can satisfy the thirst of love.
- 3 His Name dispels our guilt and fear,  
Revives our heart and charms our ear;  
Affords a balm for every wound,  
And Satan trembles at the sound.

## 60. The Old, old Story.

*Tune—S. E., page 44.*

**T**ELL me the old, old story,  
Of unseen things above,  
Of Jesus and His glory,  
Of Jesus and His love.  
Tell me the story simply,  
As to a little child,  
For I am weak and weary,  
And helpless and defiled.

CHO.—Tell me the old, old story,  
Tell me the old, old story,  
Tell me the old, old story,  
Of Jesus and His love.

- 2 Tell me story slowly,  
That I may take it in—  
That wonderful redemption,  
God's remedy for sin.  
Tell me the story often,  
For I forget so soon;  
The "early dew" of morning  
Has passed away at noon.
- 3 Tell me the story softly,  
With earnest tones, and grave;  
Remember! I'm the sinner  
Whom Jesus came to save.  
Tell me that story always,  
If you would really be,  
In any time of trouble,  
A comforter to me.
- 4 Tell me the same old story,  
When you have cause to fear

That this world's empty glory  
 Is costing me too dear.  
 Yes, and when that world's glory  
 Is dawning on my soul,  
 Tell me the old, old story :  
 " Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

*Miss Kate Hankey, 1867.*

# 61. Nothing but Leaves.

*Tune—S. E., page 45.*

NOTHING but leaves! the spirit grieves  
 O'er years of wasted life;  
 O'er sins indulged while conscience slept,  
 O'er vows and promises unkept,  
 And reap from years of strife—  
 Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

2 Nothing but leaves! no gathered sheaves,  
 Of life's fair ripening grain;  
 We sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds,—  
 Words, *idle* words, for earnest deeds—  
 Then reap with toil and pain,  
 Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

3 Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!  
 No veil to hide the past;  
 And as we trace our weary way,  
 And count each lost and misspent day  
 We sadly find at last—  
 Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

4 Ah! who shall thus the Master meet,  
 And bring but withered leaves?  
 Ah, who shall at the Saviour's feet,  
 Before the awful judgment-seat  
 Lay down for golden sheaves,  
 Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

*Lucy E. Akerman, alt., 1859.*

# 62. Safe in the arms of Jesus.

*Tune—S. E., page 46.*

SAFE in the arms of Jesus,  
 Safe on His gentle breast,  
 There by His love o'ershaded,  
 Sweetly my soul shall rest.  
 Hark! 'tis the voice of angels  
 Borne in a song to me,  
 Over the fields of glory,  
 Over the jasper sea.

CHO.—Safe in the arms of Jesus.  
 Safe on His gentle breast,  
 There by His love o'ershaded,  
 Sweetly my soul shall rest.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
 Safe from corroding care,  
 Safe from the world's temptations,  
 Sin cannot harm me there,  
 Free from the blight of sorrow,  
 Free from my doubts and fears;  
 Only a few more trials,  
 Only a few more tears.

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,  
 Jesus has died for me;  
 Firm on the Rock of Ages,  
 Ever my trust shall be.  
 Here let me wait with patience,  
 Wait till the night is o'er;  
 Wait till I see the morning  
 Break on the golden shore.

*Fanny J. Crosby, 1868.*

## 63. The Rifted Rock.

*Tune—S. E., page 47.*

IN the Rifted Rock I'm resting,  
 I Sure and safe from all alarm;  
 Storms and billows have united  
 All in vain to do me harm;  
 In the Rifted Rock I'm resting,  
 Surf is dashing at my feet,  
 Storm-clouds dark are o'er me hovering,  
 Yet my rest is all complete.

CHO.—In the Rifted Rock I'm resting,  
 Sure and safe from all alarm;  
 Storms and billows have united  
 All in vain to do me harm.

2 Many a stormy sea I've traversed,  
 Many a tempest-shock have known,  
 Have been driven, without anchor,  
 On the barren shores, and lone;  
 Yet I now have found a haven,  
 Never moved by tempest shock,  
 Where my soul is safe forever,  
 In the blessed Rifted Rock.

*L. T. H.*

## 64. The ninety and nine.

*Tune—S. E., page 48.*

- T**HERE were ninety and nine that safely lay  
 In the shelter of the fold,  
 But one was out on the hills away,  
 Far off from the gates of gold—  
 Away on the mountains wild and bare,  
 ||: Away from the tender Shepherd's care. :||
- 2 "Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine;  
 Are they not enough for thee?"  
 But the Shepherd made answer: "'Tis of mine  
 Has wandered away from me;  
 And although the road be rough and steep,  
 ||: I go to the desert to find my sheep." :||
- 3 But none of the ransomed ever knew  
 How deep were the waters crossed;  
 Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed  
 thro',  
 Ere he found his sheep that was lost;  
 Out in the desert he heard its cry—  
 ||: 'Twas helpless and sick, and ready to die. :||
- 4 But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,  
 And up from the rocky steep,  
 There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,  
 "Rejoice? I have found my sheep!"  
 And the angels echoed around the throne,  
 ||: "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own." :||

*Elizabeth C. Clephane, 1868.*

## 65. We shall meet.

*Tune—S. E., page 49.*

- W**E shall meet beyond the river,  
 By-and-by, By-and-by;  
 And the darkness shall be over,  
 By-and-by, By-and-by;  
 With the toilsome journey done,  
 And the glorious battle won,  
 We shall shine forth as the sun,  
 By-and-by, By-and-by.
- 2 We shall strike the harps of glory,  
 By-and-by, By-and-by;  
 We shall sing redemption's story,  
 By-and-by, By-and-by;  
 And the strains for-evermore,  
 Shall resound in sweetness o'er  
 Yonder everlasting shore,  
 By-and-by, By-and-by.

- 3 We shall see and be like Jesus,  
 By-and-by, By-and-by;  
 Who a crown of life will give us,  
 By-and-by, By-and-by;  
 And the angels who fulfill,  
 All the mandates of His will,  
 Shall attend and love us still,  
 By-and-by, By-and-by.
- 4 There our tears shall all cease flowing,  
 By-and-by, By-and-by;  
 And with sweetest rapture knowing,  
 By-and-by, By-and-by;  
 All the blest ones who have gone  
 To the land of life and song,  
 We with shoutings shall rejoin,  
 By-and-by, By-and-by.

*Rev. John Atkinson, 1867.*

## 66. Come, ye Sinners.

*Tune—S. E., page 50.*

- COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore,  
 Jesus ready stands to save you,  
 Full of pity, love and power.  
 ||: He is able, He is able,  
 He is willing, doubt no more. :||
- 2 Come, ye thirsty, come and welcome;  
 God's free bounty glorify;  
 True belief and true repentance,  
 Every grace that brings us nigh—  
 ||: Without money, Without money,  
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy. :||
- 3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
 Lost and ruined by the fall;  
 If you tarry till you're better,  
 You will never come at all:  
 ||: Not the righteous—Not the righteous,  
 Sinners, Jesus came to call. :||
- 4 Let not conscience make you linger,  
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;  
 All the fitness He requireth,  
 Is to feel your need of Him:  
 ||: This He gives you—This He gives you,  
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam. :||
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,  
 Lo! your Maker prostrate lies;



On the bloody tree behold Him ;  
 Hear Him cry before He dies,  
 ||: " It is finished ! " " It is finished ! "  
 Sinners, will not this suffice ? :||

*Joseph Hart, 1759.*

# 67. Welcome to the Saviour.

*Tune—S. E., page 50.*

**W**ELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer—  
 Welcome to this heart of mine ;  
 Lord ! I make a full surrender,  
 Every power and thought be Thine,  
 ||: Thine entirely.—Thine entirely,  
 Through eternal ages Thine. :||  
 2 Known to all to be Thy mansion,  
 Earth and hell will disappear ;  
 Or in vain attempt possession,  
 When they find the Lord is near ;—  
 ||: Shout, O Zion ! Shout, O Zion !  
 Shout, ye saints ! the Lord is here. :||

*Rev. Wm. Mason, 1794.*

# 68. How can I keep from singing.

*Tune—S. E., page 51.*

**M**Y life flows on in endless song .  
 Above earth's lamentation,  
 I catch the sweet, tho' far off hymn  
 That hails a new creation ;  
 Through all the tumult and the strife,  
 I hear the music ringing :  
 It finds an echo in my soul—  
 How can I keep from singing ?  
 2 What tho' my joys and comfort die ?  
 The Lord, my Saviour liveth ;  
 What tho' the darkness gather 'round ?  
 Songs in the night He giveth ;  
 No storm can shake my inmost calm,  
 While to that refuge clinging ;  
 Since Christ is Lord of heaven and earth,  
 How can I can keep from singing ?  
 3 I lift my eyes ; the cloud grows thin ;  
 I see the blue above it ;  
 And day by day this pathway smooths,  
 Since first I learned to love it ;  
 The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart,  
 A fountain ever springing ;  
 All things are mine since I am His—  
 How can I keep from singing ?

*Miss Anna Warner, 1864.*



## 69. Gethsemane.

*Tune—S. E., page 52.*

**M**Y Jesus, I would ne'er forget  
That hour I spent with Thee ;  
When there I saw Thy bloody sweat  
In dark Gethsemane.

CHO.—I'll ne'er forget, I'll ne'er forget,  
I'll ne'er forgetful be,  
When there I saw Thy bloody sweat  
In dark Gethsemane.

2 'Twas in that olive press I felt  
That Thou didst bleed for me ;  
Alas ! how great I saw my guilt,  
While in Gethsemane.

3 I thought of how Thy heart did throb,  
While 'all ' Thine own did flee,  
And left Thee with the cruel mob,  
In sad Gethsemane.

4 'Twas there I felt my guilt and shame  
In oft forsaking Thee ;  
How precious was Thy very name  
In dear Gethsemane.

5 Should e'er our love to Thee grow cold,  
And we forgetful be,  
We'll call to mind Thy love untold  
While in Gethsemane.

*E. P. H.*

## 70. How sweet the Name.

*Tune—S. E., page 52.*

**H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear !

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

CHO.—Help me, dear Saviour, Thee to own,  
And ever faithful be ;  
And when Thou sittest on Thy throne,  
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast ;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And for the weary, rest.

3 By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,  
Although with sin defiled ;  
Satan accuses me in vain,  
And I am owned a child.

- 4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend!  
 My Prophet, Priest and King!  
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End!  
 Accept the praise I bring.

*John Newton, 1779.*

71. Open mine eyes.

*Tune—S. E., page 52.*

OPEN my eyes, O Lord, to see  
 My lost and wretched state:  
 Show me my guilt and misery,  
 While at Thy feet I wait.

CHO.—Help me dear Saviour, Thee to own,  
 And ever faithful be;  
 And when Thou sittest on Thy throne,  
 Dear Lord, remember me.

- 2 Help me to hear th'expiring groans  
 Of Jesus on the tree;  
 "This blood for all thy sin atones—  
 'Tis finished' all for thee."

- 3 O how can I neglect such love,  
 So freely shown to me,  
 In Jesus dying on the Cross,  
 From sin to set me free!

- 4 I know there's no escape for me  
 If I should still deny  
 My Lord, who bled on Calvary,  
 To raise my hopes on high.

- 5 Dear Saviour, now to Thee I fly  
 From slavery and guilt;  
 My hopes, my all, on Thee rely—  
 Thy blood for me was spilt.

*E. P. H.*

72. Save, O Jesus, Save!

*Tune—S. E., page 53.*

MY sins appear in dark array;  
 I have no hope of heaven;  
 I've nought wherewith my debt to pay,  
 O can I be forgiven?

CHO.—Save, save, O Jesus save,  
 Save a poor sinner while crying,  
 Save, save, O Jesus save,  
 Save a poor sinner from dying!

- 2 I know 'tis just that I should die;  
 My guilt I now confess;  
 But to Thy Son I lift mine eye,  
 For His sake wilt Thou bless.

- 3 In His own body on the tree,  
 He bore my guilt and shame ;  
 'Twas there he suffered death for me,  
 I plead alone His name.
- 4 Thy law would shut me up in hell ,  
 But thanks, O God, to Thee,  
 My Saviour died that I might tell  
 How grace can make me free.

E. P. H. 1873.

## 73. Happy, ever Happy.

*Tune—S. E., page 54.*

**J**ESUS died upon the tree,  
 That from sin we might be free,  
 And forever happy be—  
 Happy in His love ;  
 He has paid the debt we owe ;  
 If with trusting hearts we go,  
 He will wash us white as snow,  
 In His blood.

**CHO.**—Then with joy and gladness sing ;  
 Happy, ever happy be ;  
 Praises to our heavenly King—  
 Happy in the Lord.

- 2 Lord, we bring our hearts to thee ;  
 Dying love is all our plea :  
 Thine forever we would be—  
 Jesus, ever Thine  
 Jesus smiles and bids us come ;  
 In His loving arms there's room,  
 And He'll bear us safely home,  
 Home above.

- 3 When we reach that shining shore,  
 All our suffering will be o'er,  
 And we'll sigh and weep no more,  
 In that land of love ;  
 But in robes of spotless white,  
 And with crowns of glory bright,  
 We will range the fields of light,  
 Evermore.

*Annie Wittenmeyer.*

## 74. Cast the Net.

*Tune—S. E., page 55.*

**C**AST the net again, my brother,  
 Cast it on the other side ;  
 Seek by patient toil to gather  
 Treasures from the rolling tide.

- 4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend!  
 My Prophet, Priest and King!  
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End!  
 Accept the praise I bring.

*John Newton, 1779.*

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 Show me my guilt and misery,  
 While at Thy feet I wait.

CHO.—Help me dear Saviour, Thee to own,  
 And ever faithful be ;  
 And when Thou sittest on Thy throne,  
 Dear Lord, remember me.

- 2 Help me to hear th'expiring groans  
 Of Jesus on the tree ;  
 " This blood for all thy sin atones—  
 " 'Tis finished ' all for thee."

- 3 O how can I neglect such love,  
 So freely shown to me,  
 In Jesus dying on the Cross,  
 From sin to set me free!

- 4 I know there's no escape for me  
 If I should still deny  
 My Lord, who bled on Calvary,  
 To raise my hopes on high.

- 5 Dear Saviour, now to Thee I fly  
 From slavery and guilt ;  
 My hopes, my all, on Thee rely—  
 Thy blood for me was spilt.

*E. P. H.*

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 Save a poor sinner while crying,  
 Save, save, O Jesus save,  
 Save a poor sinner from dying!

- 2 I know 'tis just that I should die ;  
 My guilt I now confess ;  
 But to Thy Son I lift mine eye,  
 For His sake wilt Thou bless.

- 3 In His own body on the tree,  
     He bore my guilt and shame ;  
 'Twas there he suffered death for me,  
     I plead alone His name.
- 4 Thy law would shut me up in hell,  
     But thanks, O God, to Thee,  
 My Saviour died that I might tell  
     How grace can make me free.

E. P. H. 1873.

73.

## Happy, ever Happy.

*Tune—S. E., page 54.*

**J**ESUS died upon the tree,  
 That from sin we might be free,  
 And forever happy be—  
     Happy in His love ;  
 He has paid the debt we owe ;  
 If with trusting hearts we go,  
 He will wash us white as snow,  
     In His blood.

**CHO.**—Then with joy and gladness sing ;  
 Happy, ever happy be ;  
 Praises to our heavenly King—  
     Happy in the Lord.

- 2 Lord, we bring our hearts to thee ;  
 Dying love is all our plea :  
 Thine forever we would be—  
     Jesus, ever Thine  
 Jesus smiles and bids us come ;  
 In His loving arms there's room,  
 And He'll bear us safely home,  
     Home above.
- 3 When we reach that shining shore,  
 All our suffering will be o'er,  
 And we'll sigh and weep no more,  
     In that land of love ;  
 But in robes of spotless white,  
 And with crowns of glory bright,  
 We will range the fields of light,  
     Evermore.

*Annie Wittenmeyer.*

74.

## Cast the Net.

*Tune—S. E., page 55.*

**C**AST the net again, my brother,  
 Cast it on the other side ;  
 Seek by patient toil to gather  
     Treasures from the rolling tide.



- 3 Prevent, prevent it by Thy grace ;  
 Be Thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,  
 In this the accepted day :  
 Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear !  
 To still my unbelieving fear ;  
 Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 Let me among Thy saints be found,  
 Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,  
 To see Thy smiling face ;  
 Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,  
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring  
 With shouts of sovereign grace.

*Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, 1774.*

78.

Jesus loves me.

*Tune—S. E., page 58.*

**J**ESUS loves me ! this I know,  
 For the Bible tells me so ;  
 Little ones to Him belong,  
 They are weak, but He is strong.

**CHO.**—Yes, Jesus loves me,  
 Yes, Jesus love me,  
 Yes, Jesus loves me,  
 The Bible tells me so.

- 2 Jesus loves me ! He who died,  
 Heaven's gate to open wide ;  
 He will wash away my sin,  
 Let His little child come in.
- 3 Jesus loves me ! loves me still,  
 Tho' I'm very weak and ill ;  
 From His shining throne on high,  
 Comes to watch me where I lie.
- 4 Jesus loves me ! He will stay  
 Close beside me all the way ;  
 If I love Him when I die  
 He will take me home on high.

*Miss Anna Warner, 1859.*

79.

Jesus "lifted up."

*Tune—S. E., page 58.*

**J**ESUS from His throne on high  
 Came into this world to die—  
 That I might from sin be free  
 Bled and died upon the tree.

**CHO.**—Yes, Jesus loves me,  
 Yes, Jesus loves me,  
 Yes, Jesus loves me,  
 The Bible tells me so.

- 2 I can see Him even now,  
With His piercèd, thorn-clad brow,  
Agonizing on the tree :  
Oh ! what love, and all for me !
- 3 Now I feel this heart of stone  
Drawn to love God's holy Son,  
" Lifted up " on Calvary,  
Suffering death and shame for me
- 4 Jesus, take this heart of mine,  
Make it pure and wholly Thine ;  
Thou hast bled and died for me,  
I will henceforth live for Thee.

E. P. H.

80.

Jesus loves me.

*Tune—S. E., page 58.*

**J**ESUS loved me when He died,  
Hated, mocked and crucified,  
Died my punishment to bear,  
Died to take away my fear.

CHO.—Yes, Jesus loves me,  
Yes, Jesus loves me,  
Yes, Jesus loves me,  
The Bible tells me so.

- 2 Jesus loved me day by day,  
When I did not love or pray ;  
Then He drew me to believe,  
And eternal life receive.
- 3 He who made me love His name,  
Safe will keep His feeble lamb ;  
Once for me His life He gave,  
Now He lives to bless and save.
- 4 This my endless joy will be,  
I love Him and He loves me ;  
He is my Almighty friend,  
Never will His kindness end.
- 5 Naught His mercy shall remove,  
Never will He cease to love ;  
He will love me till I die,  
He will love eternally.

*Rev. Baptist Noel, 1868.*

81.

Singing just now.

" I am happy. I have been sorry that I was such a sinner. I have loved Jesus ever since the meetings commenced, and I hope I shall love Him till I die. I have been singing ever since the meetings began. I love ' Just now ' the best of all.

" Your little friend, \* \* \*, seven years old."



*Tune—S. E., page 58.*

“**P**RECIIOUS Jesus, He is mine !”  
 Since I heard His loving call  
 I’ve been singing all the time,  
 One sweet hymn is best of all.

CHO.—||: Yes, Jesus loves me, :||  
 The Bible tells me so.

2 Yes, I love to sing “Just now,”  
 Jesus is in every line;  
 Since I saw His thorn-clad brow,  
 I’ve been happy all the time.

3 Oh! that all my little friends  
 Would to Jesus come “just now !”  
 He would wash away their sins,  
 Lighting up with joy each brow.

CHO.—||: Yes, come to Jesus, :||  
 Oh! come to Him just now.

*E. P. H.*

82.

“I can sing.

These are the words of a little girl of seven summers, who says in her letter: “I wish to tell you the way I gave my heart to the Saviour. When I went to your meetings, and heard you tell of the love of Jesus, I could not stand it any longer, so I gave myself up to Jesus. I prayed this evening that he would take me just as I was. I can now sing with all my heart, ‘I love Jesus, yes I do.’”

*Tune—S. E., page 58.*

**I** CAN sing with all my heart,  
 “I love Jesus, yes I do.”  
 I have chosen Him my “part,”  
 He has made my heart all new.

CHO.—||: Yes, I love Jesus, :||  
 I know, I know I do.

2 When I hear of Jesus’ love,  
 How to rescue me He dies,  
 Then my stubborn heart is moved,  
 Tears gush from my weeping eyes.

3 Oh! how can I longer stay,  
 Jesus bids me come to Him;  
 I will give myself away,  
 He will wash away my sin.

4 Oft my sins have troubled me,  
 Then a cloud was on my brow;  
 Now my Saviour I can see,  
 And I’m very happy now.

*E. P. H.*

## 83. Child drawn to Jesus.

*Tune—S. E., page 58.*

**M**AY a little child like me,  
Praise and glory give to Thee?  
Wilt Thou hear me when I pray,  
Father, bless me day by day.

CHO.—||: Yes, Jesus loves me, :||  
The Bible tells me so.

- 2 Yes, the Bible tells me so,  
Yes, I may to Jesus go;  
I will go to Him to-day,  
Never, never go away.
- 3 I love Jesus, yes, I do,  
Won't you come and love Him too;  
Come to-day, He says to thee,  
Little child come unto Me.
- 4 Jesus, sweetest name to me,  
Help me Thy dear child to be;  
Bless me now, and I will praise  
My dear Saviour all my days.

*J. A. Neff, 1865.*

## 84. The beautiful shore.

*Tune—S. E., page 60.*

**T**HERE'S a home for the blest on the beautiful shore,  
Where our trials and cares all shall cease;  
Sorrow never shall enter that blissful abode,  
Ever there shall abide perfect peace.

CHO.—On that beautiful shore, where the bright angels  
stay,

All our sorrow and pain will be o'er;  
Oh! we long to go home, to that beautiful land,  
There to rest, sweetly rest, evermore.

- 2 The bright streets of the city are pav'd with pure gold,  
And its flowers are fragrant and fair;  
Its inhabitants never grow weary nor old,  
For the Lord reigns eternally there.
- 3 There will be no more parting from those that we love,  
No more sighing, or shedding of tears.  
For no discords shall ruffle that peaceful repose,  
Which flows thro' eternity's years.
- 4 Oh! we soon shall be called to that beautiful land,  
There to dwell with the just evermore; [love,  
There to join in sweet songs with the friends that we  
Safe at home on the beautiful shore.

*Miss Hattie Bronson.*

85.

Bless me now.

*Tune—S. E., page 61.*

**H**EAVENLY Father, bless me now;  
 At the cross of Christ I bow;  
 Take my guilt and grief away;  
 Hear and heal me now, I pray.

**REF.**—Bless me now, bless me now,  
 Heavenly Father, bless me now.

2 Now O Lord! this very hour,  
 Send Thy grace and show Thy power;  
 While I rest upon Thy word,  
 Come and bless me now, O Lord!

3 Now, just now, for Jesus' sake,  
 Lift the clouds, the fetters break;  
 While I look and as I cry,  
 Touch and cleanse me ere I die.

4 Never did I so adore  
 Jesus Christ, Thy Son before;  
 Now the time! and this the place!  
 Gracious Father, show Thy grace.

*Rev. Alexander Clark.*

86.

I love to read the Bible.

*Tune—S. E., page 64.*

**N**OW the book I love to read  
 That speaks of Jesus' love,  
 There I find that He indeed  
 For me has shed His blood.

**CHO.**—The Bible tells to me  
 All I need to know,  
 Of Jesus' sufferings on the tree  
 For me so long ago.

2 "Full of Jesus" every page,  
 Blessèd, blessèd book!  
 Joy it brings to youth and age,  
 Who for its treasures look.

3 In this blessèd, precious mine  
 Is th' pearl of greatest worth;  
 Seek for it, and you will find  
 The richest prize on earth.

*E. P. H.*

87.

Beautiful River.

*Tune—S. E., page 62.*

**S**HALL we gather at the river  
 Where bright angel feet have trod;  
 With its crystal tide forever,  
 Flowing by the throne of God.

CHO.—Yes we'll gather at the river,  
 The beautiful, the beautiful river—  
 Gather with the saints at the river  
 That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,  
 Washing up its silver spray,  
 We will walk and worship ever,  
 All the happy, golden day.

3 On the bosom of the river,  
 Where the Saviour-king we own,  
 We shall meet, and sorrow never  
 'Neath the glory of the throne.

4 Ere we reach the shining river,  
 Lay we every burden down;  
 Grace our spirits will deliver,  
 And provide a robe and crown.

5 At the smiling of the river,  
 Rippling with the Saviour's face,  
 Saints, whom death will never sever,  
 Lift their songs of saving grace.

6 Soon we'll reach the shining river,  
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease;  
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver  
 With the melody of peace.

*Rev. R. Lowry, 1864.*

# 88. More love to Thee, O Christ.

*Tune—S. E., page 63.*

**M**ORE love to Thee, O Christ!  
 More love to Thee!

Hear Thou the prayer I make,  
 On bended knee:

This is my earnest plea,  
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
 More love to Thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,  
 Sought peace and rest;  
 Now only Thee I seek,  
 Give what is best:  
 This all my prayer shall be,  
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
 More love to Thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,  
 Send grief and pain;  
 Sweet are Thy messengers,  
 Sweet their refrain;

When they can sing with me, —  
More love, O Christ to Thee,  
More love to Thee!

- 4 Then shall my latest breath  
Whisper Thy praise;  
This be the parting cry  
My heart shall raise:  
This still its prayer shall be,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee!

*Mrs. Elizabeth Prentiss.*

## 89. Tell to Jesus.

*Tune—S. E., page 62.*

**C**HRISTIAN, go and tell to Jesus,  
How He died to save our souls;  
How that He from sin might free us,  
Suffered agonies untold.

**CHO.**—Yes, we'll go and tell of Jesus,  
The pure and holy, meek and lowly Jesus;  
Yes, we'll go and tell of Jesus;  
Who died our soul to save.

- 2 Tell the guilty of their danger,  
While they wander far from God;  
While they live to Christ a stranger,  
And reject His precious Word.

- 3 Tell them of the joys of heaven,  
Purchased by the Saviour's blood;  
How that they might be forgiven,  
Jesus left His home above.

- 4 Tell them how He hath ascended,  
To prepare a home on high:  
Where all sorrows shall be ended,  
Where the good shall never die.

*E. P. H.*

## 90. Jesus paid it all.

THE following lyric has been greatly blessed by God in leading the anxious to rest solely in the finished work of Christ.

The author, the late Rev. James Proctor, of Scotland, says; "Since I first discovered Jesus to be the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth, I have more than once met with a poor sinner seeking peace at the foot of Sinai instead of Calvary; and I have heard him, now and again, in bitter disappointment and fear, groaning out: "What must I do!" I have said to him 'Do! do! what can you do? what do you need to do?'"



*Tune—S. E., page 64.*

**N**OTHING, either great or small,  
Nothing, sinner, no;  
Jesus died and paid it all,  
Long, long ago.

**CHO.**—Jesus paid it all,  
All the debt I owe,  
And nothing either great or small  
Remains for me to do.

2 When He from His lofty throne  
Stooped to do and die,  
Every thing was fully done—  
“’Tis finished,” was His cry.

3 Weary, working, plodding on,  
Wherefore toil you so?  
Cease your doing; all was done  
Long, long ago.

4 Till to Jesus’ work you cling,  
By a simple faith,  
“Doing is a deadly thing,  
Doing ends in death.”

5 Cast your deadly doing down,  
Down at Jesus’ feet;  
Stand in Him, in Him alone,  
Glorious and complete.

*James Proctor.*

## 91. Response to “Jesus Paid it All.”

*Tune—S. E., page 64.*

**I**’VE cast my deadly doing down,  
Down at Jesus’ feet;  
I stand in Him, in Him alone,  
Glorious and complete.

**CHO.**—Jesus paid it all,  
All to Him I owe,  
And something either great or small,  
From love to Him I’ll do.

2 Now to Jesus’ work I’ll cling,  
By a simple faith,  
Doing was a “deadly” thing,  
It would have been my death.

3 Legal works I’ve given o’er,  
Jesus is my all;  
Sins that tasted sweet before  
Upon my senses pall.

- 4 'Twas for me that Jesus bled,  
On the cruel tree ;  
There He bowed his thorn-clad head,  
Oh ! what agony.
- 5 'Twas my sins that nailed Him there,  
Mine that shed His blood,  
Mine that pierced the bleeding side  
Of the Son of God.
- 6 Now my life shall all be given  
To my risen Lord,  
Doing all the way to heaven,  
Something in his Word.

*E. P. H.*

92.

## Our work Song.

*Tune—S. E., page 65.*

**W**ORK. for the Master calleth us to-day ;  
Work, precious souls to save ;  
Work while the hours are passing swift away ;  
Work with soul true and brave.

- CHO.**—God be near us, help us to-day !  
God watch over us lest we stray ;  
Father, in mercy keep us all the way ;  
Jesus, hear us when we pray.
- 2 Work, with a spirit full of Jesus' love !  
Work, with a joyful song ;  
Work, for the glory waiting us above ;  
Work, with heart firm and strong !
- 3 Work, for the vineyard waiting for us stands ;  
Work, while there yet is light ;  
Work with a cheerful heart and willing hands ;  
Work, for soon cometh night.
- 4 Work, till the golden harvest fills the field ;  
Work, in the Saviour's might ;  
Work, for the joy the reaping time shall yield :  
Work for the mansions of light.

*Rev. Alfred Taylor.*

93

## A Blessing.

*Tune—S. E., page 66.*

- O**NCE more we come before our God ;  
Once more His blessing ask :  
O may not duty seem a load,  
Nor worship prove a task.
- 2 Father, Thy quick'ning Spirit send  
From heaven, in Jesus' name,  
And bid our waiting minds attend,  
And put our souls in frame.



- 3 May we receive the word we hear,  
Each in an honest heart ;  
And keep the precious treasure there,  
And never with it part.
- 4 To seek Thee, all our hearts dispose :  
To each Thy blessings suit ;  
And let the seed Thy servant sows,  
Produce abundant fruit.

*Rev. Joseph Hart, 1762.*

## 94. Dying love of Jesus.

*Tune—S. E., page 66.*

- T**O Calvary, Lord, in spirit now  
Our weary souls repair,  
To dwell upon Thy dying love,  
And taste its sweetness there.
- 2 Sweet resting-place of every heart  
That feels the plague of sin,  
Yet knows that deep mysterious joy,  
The peace of God within.
  - 3 There, through Thine hour of deepest woe,  
Thy suffering spirit passed ;  
Grace there its wondrous victory gain'd,  
And love endured its last.
  - 4 Dear suffering Lamb ! Thy bleeding wounds,  
With cords of love divine,  
Have drawn our willing hearts to Thee,  
And link'd our life with Thine.
  - 5 Thy sympathies and hopes are ours ;  
Dear Lord ! we wait to see  
Creation, all—below, above,  
Redeem'd and blest by Thee.

*Sir Edward Denny, 1839.*

## 95. Prayer.

*Tune—S. E., page 66.*

- I**N Thy great name, O Lord, we come  
To worship at Thy feet :  
Oh, pour Thy Holy Spirit down  
On all that now shall meet.
- 2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,  
To hear the Saviour's voice ;  
Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek,  
Now make our hearts rejoice.
  - 3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,  
And understand Thy word ;  
To feel Thy blissful presence near,  
And trust our living Lord.

- 4 Let sinners now Thy goodness prove,  
And saints rejoice in Thee ;  
Let rebels be subdu'd by love,  
And to the Saviour flee.

*Joseph Hoskins, 1788*

96

### Doing for Jesus.

*Tune—S. E., page 66.*

- W**HAT can I do for Thee, my Lord,  
What can I do for Thee ?  
Who didst the mighty grace afford  
That sets the bondman free ?
- 2 What can I do for Thee, my Lord,  
Reluctant souls to win ?  
Patience Divine, and light accord,  
To turn these souls from sin.
- 3 What can I do for Thee, my Lord,  
Thy needy saints to bless ?  
I'll seek, that wanderers be restored  
To paths of light and peace.
- 4 What can I do for Thee, my Lord ?  
Thy church my thoughts employ ;  
Her welfare claims the wealth I hoard,  
Her triumphs crown my joys.
- 5 What can I do for Thee, my Lord ?  
What can I do for Thee ?  
A martyr soul, I wait Thy word :  
I serve Thee, only Thee.

*Rev. A. S. Cheesebrough, 1873.*

### 97. O, Sing of His mighty Love.

*Tune—S. E., page 67.*

**O**, BLISS of the purified ! bliss of the free !  
I plunge in the crimson tide opened for me !  
O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,  
And point to the print of the nails in His hand.

**CHO.**—O, sing of His mighty love,  
Sing of His mighty love,  
Sing of His mighty love—mighty to save.

- 2 O, bliss of the purified ! Jesus is mine,  
No longer in dread condemnation I pine ;  
In conscious salvation I sing of His grace,  
Who lifteth upon me the smiles of His face.
- 3 O, bliss of the purified ! bliss of the pure !  
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure,  
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,  
No tears—but may dry them on Jesus's breast.

- 4 O, Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing!  
 My blessèd Redeemer! my God, and my King!  
 My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave,  
 And triumph in death in the MIGHTY TO SAVE!

*Dr. F. Bottome.*

## 98. Life for a Look.

*Tune—S. E., page 68.*

- THERE is life for a look at the Crucified One;  
 There is life at this moment for thee;  
 Then look, sinner—look unto Him, and be saved—  
 Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.  
 Look unto Him, look unto Him,  
 Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.
- 2 Oh! why was He there as the bearer of sin,  
 If on Jesus thy sins were not laid?  
 Oh! why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,  
 If His dying thy debt has not paid.
- 3 We are healed by His stripes;—would'st thou add to  
 the word?  
 And He is our righteousness made;  
 The best robe of heaven He bids thee put on,  
 Oh! could'st thou be better arrayed?
- 4 Then doubt not Thy welcome, since God has declared,  
 There remaineth no more to be done;  
 That once in the end of the world He appeared,  
 And completed the whole He begun.
- 5 But take, with rejoicing, from Jesus at once  
 The life everlasting He gives;  
 And know, with assurance, thou never can'st die,  
 Since Jesus, thy righteousness lives.

*Miss Amelia Matilda Hull, 1860.*

## 99. Long time ago.

*Tune—S. E., page 68.*

- JESUS died on Calvary's mountain,  
 Long time ago:  
 And salvation's rolling fountain,  
 Now freely flows.
- 2 Once His voice in tones of pity,  
 Melted in woe,  
 And He wept o'er Judah's city,  
 Long time ago.
- 3 On His head the dew's of midnight  
 Fell, long ago;  
 Now a crown of dazzling sunlight  
 Sits on His brow.

- 4 Jesus died—yet lives forever,  
No more to die—  
Bleeding Jesus, blessèd Saviour,  
Now reigns on high !
- 5 Now in heaven He's interceding ,  
For dying men,  
Soon He'll finish all His pleading,  
And come again.
- 6 Budding fig-trees tell that summer  
Dawns o'er the land,  
Signs portend that Jesus' coming  
Is near at hand.

E. P. H.

## 100. Whiter than Snow.

*Tune—S. E., page 69.*

**D**EAR Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole ;  
I want Thee forever to live in my soul ;  
Break down ev'ry idol, cast out ev'ry foe ;  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

CHO.—Whiter than snow, yes whiter than snow ;  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

- 2 Dear Jesus, let nothing unholy remain ,  
Apply Thine own blood, and extract ev'ry stain ;  
To get this blest washing, I all things forego ;  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
- 3 Dear Jesus, come down from Thy throne in the skies,  
And help me to make a complete sacrifice ;  
I give up myself, and whatever I know ;—  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
- 4 Dear Jesus, Thou see'st I patiently wait ;  
Come now, and within me a new heart create ;  
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never saidst  
no,—  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
- 5 Dear Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat ;  
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet  
By faith, for my cleansing ; I see Thy blood flow,—  
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
- 6 The blessing, by faith, I receive from above ;  
Oh, glory ! my soul is made perfect in love ;  
My prayer has prevailed, and this moment I know  
The blood is applied, I am whiter than snow.

CHO.—Whiter than snow ; yes whiter than snow,  
Dear Jesus, Thy blood makes me whiter than snow.

*James Nicholson.*

## 101. Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.

*Tune—S. E., page 70.*

**W**HAT means this eager, anxious throng,  
Pressing our busy streets along—  
These wondrous gatherings day by day?  
What means this strange commotion, pray?  
||: Voices, in accents hushed, reply,  
“Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!”:||

2 E'en children feel the potent spell,  
And haste their new-found joy to tell;  
In crowds they to the place repair,  
Where Christians daily bow in prayer.  
||: Hosannas mingle with the cry,  
“Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!”:||

3 Jesus! 'tis He who once below,  
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;  
And burdened hearts, where'er He came,  
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame;  
||: Blind men rejoiced to hear the cry,  
“Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!”:||

4 Again He comes, from place to place  
His holy foot-prints we can trace;  
He pauses at our threshold—nay,  
He enters, condescends to stay!  
||: Shall we not gladly raise the cry,  
“Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?”:||

5 Ho, all ye heavy-laden, come!  
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, a home;  
Lost wanderers from a Father's face,  
Return, accept His proffered grace!  
||: Ye tempted! there's a refuge nigh,  
“Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!”:||

6 But if you still this call refuse,  
And dare such wondrous love abuse,  
Soon will He sadly from you turn,  
Your bitter prayer in justice spurn:  
||: “Too late! too late!” will be cry,  
“Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by.*” :||

*Miss Campbell, 1864.*

## 102. Sweet hour of prayer.

*Tune—S. E., page 71.*

**S**WEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
That calls me from a world of care,  
And bids me at my Father's throne  
Make all my wants and wishes known:

- In seasons of distress and grief,  
My soul has often found relief,  
||: And oft escaped the tempter's snare  
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer. :||
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
The joy I feel, the bliss I share,  
Of those whose anxious spirits burn  
With strong desire for thy return.  
With such I hasten to the place,  
Where God, my Saviour, shows His face,  
||: And gladly take my station there,  
To wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer. :||
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer!  
Thy wings shall my petition bear  
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness  
Engage the waiting soul to bless.  
And since He bids me seek His face,  
Believe His word, and trust His grace,  
||: I'll cast on Him my every care,  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer: ;||
- 4 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer  
May I thy consolation share;  
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,  
I view my heaven, and take my flight;  
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise  
To seize the everlasting prize;  
||: And shout, while passing through the air,  
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer. :||

*Rev. W. W. Walford, 1846.*

# 103. Sweeping through the gates.

*Tune—S. E., page 72.*

**W**HO, who are these beside the chilly wave,  
Just on the borders of the silent grave,  
Shouting Jesus' pow'r to save,  
Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb:

**CHO.**—||: "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the New Jeru-  
salem,

"Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb." :||

- 2 These, these are they who in their youthful days  
Found Jesus early and in wisdom's ways,  
Prov'd the fulness of His grace,  
Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb:

- 3 These, these are they who in affliction's woes  
Ever have found in Jesus calm repose,  
*Such as from a pure heart flows,*  
Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb:



- 4 These, these are they who in the conflict dire  
 Boldly have stood amid the hottest fire ;  
 Jesus now says, " Come up higher :"  
 Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb :

*T. C. O'Kane, 1872.*

# 104. Pass me not.

*Tune—S. E., page 73.*

**P**ASS me not, O gentle Saviour,  
 Hear my humble cry ;  
 While on others Thou art smiling,  
 Do not pass me by.

**CHO.**—Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry,  
 While on others Thou art calling,  
 Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy  
 Find a sweet relief ;  
 Kneeling there in deep contrition,  
 Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in Thy merit,  
 Would I seek Thy face ;  
 Heal my wounded, broken spirit,  
 Save me by Thy grace.

4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,  
 More than life to me ;  
 Whom have I on earth beside Thee ?  
 Whom in heaven but Thee ?

*Fanny J. Crosby, 1868.*

# 105. Doubt not.

*Tune—S. E., page 73.*

**A**RT thou weary ? art thou languid ?  
 Art thou sore distressed ?  
 Come to Me, saith One, and coming,  
 On My bosom rest.

**CHO.**—Doubting sinner,  
 Doubt not, but believe,  
 He who saved ten thousand others  
 He will thee receive.

2 By what tokens may I know Him,  
 When I seek my guide ?  
 In His feet and hands are nail-prints,  
 Spear wound in His side.

3 If I ask Him to receive me,  
 Will He say me nay ?  
 Not till earth and not till heaven  
 Shall have passed away.

*Rev. J. M. Neale, alt.*



106.

## A child's prayer.

"The first Sunday you were here, I thought to hear some stories. I went to the meeting. I thought very different when you told about little Jemmy; and when I was going home I saw some little children crying for their sins. I felt that I was a sinner, and when I got home I did not feel very happy, so I went and prayed; and since then I have given my heart to Jesus, and I think that He has accepted it. Yesterday I was singing out of your Hymn Book, and I felt so happy that I knelt right down where I was and prayed; and now I feel happy in Jesus, and want to work for Him.

"Your little friend, \_\_\_\_\_"

*Tune—S. E., page 74.*

**L**ORD, teach a little child to pray;  
Give me the words I ought to say;  
For I am young and very weak,  
And know not how I ought to speak.

2 My little prayers I've often said  
With eyelids closed and bowed head;  
But oh, I'm very much afraid  
That with my heart I've never prayed.

3 But now, O God, be pleased to take  
Away this heart for Jesus' sake;  
Oh, give me one that *loves* to pray,  
And read the Bible every day.

4 Show me how, on the cruel tree,  
Jesus has bled and died for me:  
Help me to give myself to Him,  
That I may hate and flee from sin.

5 And now, O Lord, hear this my prayer;  
Keep me beneath Thy watchful care;  
And when I die, be pleased to take  
My soul to heaven, for Jesus' sake.

*E. P. II.*

107.

## The Love of Jesus.

*Tune—S. E., page 74.*

**I** KNOW 'tis Jesus loves my soul,  
And makes the wounded spirit whole;  
My nature is by sin defiled,  
Yet Jesus loves a little child.

2 How kind in Jesus, oh, how good!  
'Twas for my soul He shed His blood;  
For children's sake He was reviled,  
For Jesus loves a little child.

3 When I offend, by thought or tongue,  
Omit the right or do the wrong,  
If I repent He's reconciled,  
For Jesus loves a little child.

- 4 To me may Jesus now impart,  
Although so young, a gracious heart ;  
Alas ! I'm oft by sin defiled,  
Yet Jesus loves a little child.

108. Christ weeping.

*Tune.—S. E., page 75.*

- T**HE Son of God o'er sinners weeps,  
Because they will not hear His cry !  
How hard the heart must be that keeps  
Its love from Him who came to die !
- 2 Oh ! Jesus, make us more like Thee,  
That we may warn, but yet with tears ;  
And then from wrath will sinners flee,  
And Thou wilt shield them from their fears.
- 3 Oh ! draw us nearer to Thy heart,  
That we may feel its throbs of love ;  
Then when we preach, the tears will start,  
And all will seek a home above.
- 4 Oh ! sinners, think of Him who shed  
For you His tears of heartfelt grief ;  
Oh ! come and trust in Him who bled,  
That you from sin might find relief.

*E. P. H.*

109. Fulness of love.

*Tune S. E., page 75.*

- I** THIRST, Thou wounded Lamb of God,  
To wash me in Thy cleansing blood :  
To dwell within Thy wounds ; then pain  
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be  
Forever closed to all but Thee :  
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear  
That pledge of love forever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide  
Close shelter'd in Thy bleeding side !  
Who thence their life and strength derive,  
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.
- 4 What are our works but sin and death,  
Till Thou Thy quick'ning Spirit breathe ?  
Thou giv'st the power Thy grace to move ;  
O wondrous grace ! O boundless love !

*Tr. by J. Wesley.*

110.

## The mercy-seat.

*Tune—S. E., page 75.*

**F**ROM every stormy wind that blows,  
 From every swelling tide of woes,  
 There is a calm, a sure retreat,  
 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
 The oil of gladness on our heads ;  
 A place than all besides more sweet,  
 It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend,  
 Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
 Around one common mercy-seat.

*Hugh Stowell, 1827.*

111.

## Doxology.

**T**O God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
 Be honor, praise, and glory given,  
 By all on earth, and all in heaven.

112.

## Work.

*Watts.**Tune—S. E., page 76.*

**W**ORK, for the night is coming,  
 Work thro' the morning hours ;  
 Work while the dew is sparkling,  
 Work 'mid springing flowers  
 Work when the day grows brighter,  
 Work in the glowing sun ;  
 Work, for the night is coming,  
 When man's work is done.

- 2 Work for the night is coming,  
 Work in the sunny noon ;  
 Fill brightest hours with labor,  
 Rest comes sure and soon.  
 Give every flying minute  
 Something to keep in store :  
 Work, for the night is coming,  
 When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,  
 Under the sunset skies ;  
 While their bright tints are glowing,  
 Work, for the daylight flies.  
 Work till the last beam fadeth,  
 Fadeth to shine no more ;  
 Work while the night is darkening,  
 When man's work is o'er.

*Rev. S. Dyer, alt.*

## 113. Thine, Lord, forever!

*Tune—S. E., page 76.*

**T**HINE, Lord, forever!  
 Purchas'd by blood divine,  
 Rescued and saved by Thee,  
 Lord, I am Thine!

- 2 Thine, Lord, forever!  
 Thro' storm and tempest wild,  
 Trusting confidingly,  
 I am Thy child!
- 3 Thine, Lord, forever!  
 Cheered by Thy precious word,  
 Thro' darkness, doubts, and fears;  
 Thine, Thine, O Lord.
- 4 Thine, Lord, forever!  
 Though death shall lay me low,  
 E'en in that dreadful hour  
 Thine, Lord, I know!
- 5 Thine, Lord, forever!  
 When safe before Thy throne  
 I stand, forevermore  
 Thine, Thine, alone!

*W. Bennett.*

## 114. Jesus died for me.

*Tune—S. E., page 77.*

**A**LITTLE child I pray,  
 My dearest Lord, to Thee;  
 Take all my sins away,  
 And grant Thy love to me.

**CHO.**—Jesus died for me,  
 I will sing His praise:  
 From my sins He sets me free,  
 I'll serve Him all my days.

- 2 A sinner, Lord, am I,  
 I feel it in my heart;  
 If I were called to die,  
 Then Thou and I must part.
- 3 But Jesus He has bled  
 Upon the cruel tree;  
 'Twas there He bowed His head,  
 And agonized for me.
- 4 Dear Jesus, I am Thine,  
 I love to sing Thy praise,

Thy home shall now be mine,  
Throughout eternal days.

CHO.—Jesus died for thee,  
Wilt thou trust in Him ;  
From thy sins He'll set thee free,  
And give thee peace within.

*E. P. H.*

# 115. All to Christ I owe.

*Tune—S. E., page 77.*

**I** HEAR the Saviour say,  
Thy strength indeed is small ;  
Child of weakness, watch and pray,  
Find in Me thy all in all.

CHO.—Jesus paid it all,  
All to Him I owe,  
Sin had left a crimson stain ;  
He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord now indeed I find  
Thy blood and Thine alone,  
Can change the lepers spots,  
And melt the heart of stone.

3 Then down beneath His cross  
I'll lay my sin-sick soul,  
For naught have I to bring—  
Thy grace must make me whole.

4 And then complete in Him,  
My robe His righteousness,  
Close sheltered 'neath His side,  
I am divinely blest.—

5 When from my dying bed,  
My ransomed soul shall rise,  
Then "Jesus paid it all,"  
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

*Mrs. E. M. Hall, 1865.*

# 116. Redeeming work.

*Tune—S. E., page 77.*

**R**EDEEMING work is done ;  
The debt of sin is paid ;  
The precious Lamb of God,  
My sacrifice is made.

2 I'll bow at Jesus' feet,  
And plead His grace so free :  
I'll wash me in His blood,  
That blood was shed for me.

- 3 Yes, Jesus paid it all,  
 To Him the glory be ;  
 His love my pardon speaks,  
 And grace has set me free.

*Fanny J. Crosby, 1869.*

# 117. Duane Street.

*Tune—S. E., page 78.*

- J**ESUS, my All, to heav'n is gone—  
 He whom I fix my hopes upon ;  
 His track I see and I'll pursue  
 The narrow way till Him I view ;  
 The way the holy prophets went,  
 The way that leads from banishment,  
 The King's highway of holiness,  
 I'll go, for all His paths are peace.
- 2 This is the way I long had sought,  
 And mourned because I found it not ;  
 My grief a burden long had been,  
 Because I was not saved from sin.  
 The more I strove against its power,  
 I felt its weight and guilt the more ;  
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,—  
 "Come hither, soul, I am the way."

*John Cennick, 1743.*

# 118. Heaven.

*Tune—S. E., page 78.*

- T**HERE is a glorious world on high,  
 Resplendent with eternal day ;  
 Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,  
 While God's own word reveals the way.  
 There shall the favorites of the Lord  
 With never-failing lustre shine ;  
 Surprising honor, vast reward,  
 Conferred on man by love divine !

# 119. Siloam.

*Tune—S. E., page 78.*

- W**ITHIN the Kedron's rocky dell,  
 Beneath Moriah's frowning face ;  
 Siloam's waters often tell  
 Of Jesus' love and wondrous grace ;  
 There softly flows Siloam's rill,  
 As in the day Isaiah sang ;  
 'Twas there the blind man's heart did thrill,  
 While with his song the valley rang.
- 2 Siloam means "one sent from God,"  
 Such is the lovely name it bears ;

It teaches that from His abode,  
 Are blessings that should banish cares :  
 Dear Saviour, like this sparkling spring,  
 May we to others speak of Thee ;  
 That they, with us, may also sing,  
 " See what the Lord hath done for me."

*E. P. H., 1866.*

## 120. Hiding Place.

*Tune—S. E., page 78.*

**H**AIL, sovereign love, that first began  
 The scheme to rescue fallen man ;  
 Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,  
 That gave my soul a hiding-place ;  
 Against the God that rules the sky  
 I fought with hand uplifted high ;  
 Despised His rich, abounding grace,  
 Too proud to seek a hiding-place.

2 But thus the eternal counsel ran :  
 " Almighty love, arrest the man."  
 I felt the arrow of distress,  
 And found I had no hiding-place.  
 Indignant justice stood in view ;  
 To Sinai's fiery mount I flew ;  
 But justice cried, with frowning face,  
 " This mountain is no hiding-place.

3 Ere long a heavenly voice I heard,  
 And mercy's angel-form appeared ;  
 She led me on, with gentle pace,  
 To Jesus, as my hiding-place :  
 On Him almighty vengeance fell,  
 That must have sunk a world to hell,  
 He bore it for the chosen race ;  
 And thus became their hiding-place.

*Jehoiada Brewer, 1776*

## 121. The happy choice.

*Tune—S. E., page 78.*

**T**O-DAY if ye will hear His voice ;  
 Now is the time to make your choice ;  
 Say, will you to Mount Zion go ?  
 Say, will you have this Christ or no ?  
 Ye wand'ring souls, who find no rest,  
 Say, will you be forever blest ?  
 Will you be sav'd from sin and hell ?  
 Will you with Christ in glory dwell ?

*Anon, 1808.*



## 122. Polished Stones.

"Ye also as lively stones are built up a spiritual house, \*  
\* \* acceptable to God by Jesus Christ." 1 PET. ii : 6.

*Tune—S. E., page 78.*

**L**ORD, grant that we by faith may see,  
Our new Jerusalem above ;  
Where we from sin and sorrow free.  
Shall dwell with Thee where all is love ;  
Awhile we linger here below,  
Where oft it seems so dark and drear ;  
But soon to Zion's courts we'll go,  
Where none shall ever shed a tear.

- 2 Then shall Jerusalem be ours,  
Where Prophets and the Martyrs dwell ;  
Then shall we pass the golden hours,  
In joys that none on earth can tell :  
Help us with patience, Lord, to bear  
The strokes of Thine afflicting rod ;  
As stones well polished by Thy care,  
May we in Heaven grace Thine abode.

*E. P. H. 1866.*

## 123. The Harvest.

*Tune—S. E., page 78.*

**L**IFT up your eyes, ye sons of light,  
Behold the fields already white !  
The glorious harvest now is come ;  
See ransom'd sinners flocking home :  
Mov'd by the Spirit's softest wind,  
Their hearts are all as one inclin'd,  
Their former sins and follies mourn,  
They bow, and to their God return.

## 124. Open Wide the Gates.

*Tune—S. E., page 80.*

**D**EAR Saviour, open wide the gate,  
And let thy trembling child come in ;  
I long to leave this earthly state,  
And soar away from care and sin.

- 2 With eye of faith e'en now I see  
The joyful cherubs clap their wings ;  
With songs of holy ecstasy,  
They're sounding grace on all their strings.
- 3 But One I see amid the throng,  
His head with radiant glory crowned ;  
He is the object of their song,  
His praises through high heaven resound.

- 4 Soon shall I join the heavenly choir,  
 Where sits my Saviour on the throne ;  
 With saints and angels strike my lyre,  
 In praising Him whose blood atoned.  
*E. P. H. 1865.*

## 125. The penitent Child.

*Tune—S. E., page 80.*

- A**LTHOUGH a child, I've often sought,  
 To know the way to heaven ;  
 Of Jesus I have long been taught,  
 But never been forgiven.
- 2 With sorrow deep I've ne'er confessed  
 How wicked I have been ;  
 But look, O Lord, within my breast,  
 And teach me all my sin.
- 3 And help me, Lord, with grief heart-felt,  
 To sorrow for my guilt,  
 Dear Jesus, cause my heart to melt,—  
 For me Thy blood was spilt.
- 4 Dear Saviour, now to Thee I come,  
 To Thee alone I cling ;  
 Oh ! take me to Thy glorious home,  
 And then Thy praise I'll sing.

*E. P. H.*

## 126. He shall appear.

*Tune—S. E., page 81.*

- “THE second time” “He shall appear,”**  
 We'll be gathered home ;  
 To rescue those to Him most dear ;  
 We'll be gathered home ;  
 The “dead in Christ” shall then arise,  
 We'll be gathered home ;  
 And “with the Lord” ascend the skies,  
 We'll be gathered home.
- CHO.—**We'll work 'till Jesus comes,  
 We'll work 'till Jesus comes,  
 We'll wait 'till Jesus comes,  
 And then be gathered home.
- 2 Then in the “twinkling of an eye,”  
 We'll be gathered home ;  
 “Shall we be changed,” no more to die ;  
 We'll be gathered home ;  
 And “with the Lord,” we each will sing,  
 We'll be gathered home ;  
 How He from death removes “the sting,”  
 We'll be gathered home ;

- 3 We're going to our home above,  
 We'll be gathered home ;  
 Where we shall dwell in blissful love,  
 We'll be gathered home ;  
 Though oft we here are filled with fears,  
 We'll be gathered home ;  
 He there will wipe away our tears,  
 We'll be gathered home.

*E. P. H. 1873.*

# 127. We'll be gathered home.

*Tune—S. E., page 81.*

**M**Y heavenly home is bright and fair,  
 We'll be gathered home ;  
 Nor sin, nor sorrow enters there,  
 We'll be gathered home ;  
 Its glittering towers the sun outshine,  
 We'll be gathered home ;  
 That heavenly mansion shall be mine,  
 We'll be gathered home.

CHO.—We'll wait till Jesus comes,  
 We'll wait till Jesus comes,  
 We'll wait till Jesus comes,  
 And we'll be gathered home.

- 2 My Father's house is built on high,  
 We'll be gathered home ;  
 Above the arched and starry sky,  
 We'll be gathered home ;  
 When from this earthly prison free,  
 We'll be gathered home ;  
 That heavenly mansion mine shall be,  
 We'll be gathered home.

- 3 While here a stranger far from home,  
 We'll be gathered home ;  
 Affliction's waves may round me foam,  
 We'll be gathered home ;  
 Be mine the happier lot to own,  
 We'll be gathered home ;  
 A heavenly mansion near the throne,  
 We'll be gathered home.

*Rev. W. Hunter.*

# 128. Our righteousness.

*Tune—S. E., page 82.*

**O** LORD, how can I come to Thee,  
 All covered o'er with sin !  
 My wicked heart would from Thee flee,  
 How sinful I have been.

CHO.—I want to love Jesus,  
I want to love Jesus,  
I want to love Jesus,  
Because He first loved me.

2 Black marks of sin are on my soul,  
Sin is my only dress ;  
My wickedness can ne'er be told,  
I have no righteousness.

3 The wedding garment is not mine !  
Oh ! in that last great day,  
From which, for aye, shall be no time,  
Oh then, what wilt Thou say ?

4 Oh, now, dear Saviour, give me Thine,  
Thy blood-bought righteousness :  
For Thine own sake please make it mine,  
My soul's all perfect dress.

CHO.—Oh, then I'll love Jesus,  
Oh, then I'll love Jesus,  
Oh, then I'll love Jesus,  
Because He first loved me.

5 Help me henceforth to hate those sins  
Which caused Thee so much pain ;  
Thy praises evermore I'll hymn,  
Thy loss was all my gain.

*E. P. H.*

129.

Blest Jesus.

*Tune—S. E., page 82.*

**B**LEST Jesus ! when my soaring tho'ts,  
O'er all Thy graces rove,  
How is my soul in transport lost,  
In wonder, joy and love.

CHO.—O how I love Jesus,  
O how I love Jesus,  
O how I love Jesus,  
Because He first loved me.

2 Not softest strains can charm my ears,  
Like Thy beloved name ;  
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire  
My heart with equal flame.

3 Where'er I look, my wondering eyes  
Unnumbered blessings see ;  
But what is life with all its bliss,  
If once compared with Thee.

4 Hast Thou a rival in my breast ?  
Search, Lord, for Thou canst tell

If aught can raise my passions thus,  
Or please my soul so well.

- 5 No; Thou art precious to my heart,  
My portion and my joy :  
Forever let Thy boundless grace  
My sweetest thoughts employ.

*Ottiwell Heginbotham. 1767.*

## 130. The hallowed Cross.

*Tune—S. E., page 83.*

**T**HE cross! the cross! the blood-stained cross!  
The hallowed cross I see!  
Reminding me of precious blood,  
That once was shed for me.

CHO.—Oh, the blood! the precious blood I  
That Jesus shed for me;  
Upon the cross in crimson flood,  
Just now by faith I see.

- 2 That cross! that cross! the heavy cross,  
My Saviour bore for me,  
Which bowed Him to the earth with grief,  
On sad Mount Calvary.
- 3 How light! how light! this precious cross,  
Presented to my view;  
And while, with care I take it up,  
Behold the crown my due.
- 4 The crown! the crown! the glorious crown!  
The crown of victory!  
The crown of life! it shall be mine,  
When Jesus I shall see.
- 5 My tears, unbidden, seem to flow  
For love, unbounded love,  
Which guides me through this world of woe,  
And points to joys above.

*Mrs. M. A. Holt, 186.*

## 131. Looking to Jesus.

*Tune—S. E., page 84.*

**L**OOKING only to Jesus, the Crucified One  
Who invites all that mourn, will you come? will  
you come?

- I have left all my sins at the foot of the cross,  
Sinful pleasures are now to my taste but as dross.
- 2 Oh how oft have I heard of the Saviour who died,  
That my fears might be quelled, and my tears all be  
dried;  
But, alas! my proud heart was stubborn to yield,  
To His kind invitation to come and be healed.

- 3 But at length God in mercy has led me to see,  
That if I would find safety, to Christ I must flee ;  
The avenger of blood I have seen on my track,  
But with Jesus my refuge I'll never turn back.
- 4 Still to Jesus I'll look, though life's journey be long ;  
When approaching the river, let this be my song :  
All my sins washed away in the *peace-speaking* blood,  
Come, dear Jesus, come quickly and take me to God.

*E. P. H.*

## 132. The coming of the Lord.

*Tune—S. E., page 84.*

- T**HOU hast taught us, dear Jesus, to look for the day  
When the trumpet shall sound that shall call us  
away.  
And when those who have died in the faith shall arise  
And with us who remain, be ' caught up ' to the skies.
- 2 " Behold, quickly I come," were Thy words long ago,  
But, oh ! why, tell us why, is Thy progress so slow !  
Oh ! how many have watched, and have waited in  
vain,  
And have died without seeing Thee coming again.
- 3 Well we know, blessed Lord, though the journey  
seems long—  
Thou art hastening the day, when with one joyful song,  
We shall hail Thine appearing with sweet songs of  
praise,  
And for ever shall dwell with the ' Ancient of days.'
- 4 O Lord ! we would stand with our lamps burning  
bright,  
For Thy Word doth declare that far spent is the night ;  
Therefore, till Thou shalt come, we will cling to Thy  
Word,  
And be ' like unto men that do wait for their Lord.'

*E. P. H.*

## 133. The garden hymn.

*Tune—S. E., page 85.*

- T**HE Lord into His garden comes,  
The spices yield their rich perfumes,  
||: The lilies grow and thrive ; :||  
Refreshing show'rs of grace divine  
From Jesus flow to every vine,  
||: Which makes the dead revive. :||
- 2 This makes the dry and barren ground  
In springs of water to abound,  
||: And fruitful soil become ; :||



- The desert blossoms as the rose,  
When Jesus conquers all His foes,  
||: And makes His people one. :||
- 3 The glorious time is rolling on,  
The gracious work is now begun,  
||: My soul a witness is, :||  
Come, taste and see the pardon free,  
For all mankind as well as me ;  
||: Who comes to Christ may live. :||
- 4 The worst of sinners here may find  
A Saviour pitiful and kind,  
||: Who will them all relieve ; :||  
None are too late if they repent ;  
Out of one sinner legions went,  
||: Jesus did him receive. :||
- 5 We feel that heaven is now begun,  
It issues from the sparkling throne,  
||: From Jesus' throne on high :||  
It comes in floods we can't contain,  
We drink, and drink, and drink again,  
||: And yet we still are dry. :||
- 6 But when we come to dwell above,  
And all surround the throne of love,  
||: We'll drink a full supply ; :||  
Jesus will lead His armies through,  
To living fountains where they flow,  
||: That never will run dry. :||
- 7 There we shall reign, and shout, and sing,  
And make the upper regions ring,  
||: When all the saints get home ; :||  
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,  
Soon we shall meet together there,  
||: For Jesus bids us come. :||
- 8 Amen, amen, my soul replies,  
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,  
||: And claim my mansion there ;||  
Now here's my heart and here's my hand,  
To meet you in that heavenly land,  
||: Where we shall part no more. :||

*John Newton.*

134.

**The Solid Rock.***Tune—S. E., page 86.*

**M**Y hope is built on nothing less.  
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness ;  
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,  
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.  
On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand ;  
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil His face,  
I rest on His unchanging grace;  
In every high and stormy gale,  
My anchor holds within the vale;  
On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand;  
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,  
Support me in the whelming flood;  
When all around my soul gives way,  
He then is all my hope and stay;  
On Christ, the Solid Rock I stand;  
All other ground is sinking sand.

*Rev. E. Mote, 1825.*

### 135. The atoning blood.

*Tune—S. E., page 86.*

**W**HEN first o'erwhelmed with sin and shame,  
To Jesus' cross I trembling came;  
Burdened with guilt, and full of fear,  
Yet drawn by Love, I ventured near,  
|| And pardon found, and peace with God,  
In Jesus' rich atoning blood. :||

2 My sin is gone, my fear is o'er,  
I shun His presence now no more;  
He sits upon the throne of grace,  
He bids me boldly seek His face;  
|| Sprinkled upon the throne of God,  
I see that rich atoning blood :||

3 Before His face my Priest appears;  
My Advocate the Father hears;  
That precious blood before His eyes,  
Both day and night for mercy cries;  
|| It speaks, it ever speaks to God—  
The voice of that atoning blood. :||

4 By faith that voice I also hear;  
It answers doubt, it stills each fear;  
Th'accuser seeks in vain to move  
The wrath of Him whose name is Love;  
|| Each charge against the sons of God  
Is silenced by th'atoning blood. :||

*Jas. Geo. Deck, 1835.*

### 136. Entreaty.

*Tune—S. E., page 87.*

**N**OW the Saviour standeth pleading  
At the sinner's bolted heart;  
Now in heaven He's interceding,  
Taking there the sinner's part.

Sinner, can you hate the Saviour?  
 Will you thrust Him from your arms?  
 Once He died for your behavior,  
 Now He calls you by His charms.

2 Sinners, hear your God and Saviour,  
 Hear His gracious voice to-day;  
 Turn from all your vain behavior;  
 Oh, repent, return, and pray.  
 Oh, be wise before you languish  
 On the bed of dying strife;  
 Endless joy or endless anguish  
 Turn upon the events of life.

3 Now He's waiting to be gracious;  
 Now He stands and looks on thee;  
 See what kindness, love, and pity  
 Shine around on you and me,  
 Open now your hearts before Him;  
 Bid the Saviour welcome in;  
 Now receive, and oh, adore Him;  
 Take a full discharge from sin.

### 137. The kind Shepherd.

*Tune—S. E., page 87.*

SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding,  
 With the Shepherd's kindest care,  
 All the feeble gently leading,  
 While the lambs Thy bosom share.  
 Now, these little ones receiving,  
 Fold them in Thy gracious arm;  
 There, we know, Thy word believing,  
 Only there, secure from harm.

✱ Never from Thy pasture roving,  
 Let them be the Lion's prey;  
 Let Thy tenderness, so loving,  
 Keep them all life's dangerous way.  
 Then, within Thy fold eternal,  
 Let them find a resting place,  
 Feed in pastures ever vernal,  
 Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

*Wm. A. Muhlenberg, 1823.*

### 138. Mercy's Free.

*Tune—S. E., page 88.*

BY faith I view my Saviour dying,  
 On the tree, On the tree:  
 To every nation He is crying,  
 Look to me, Look to me;

He bids the guilty now draw near,  
Repent, believe, dismiss their fear:  
Hark! hark! what precious words I hear,  
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!

- 2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,  
Pity me? Pity me?  
And did He snatch my soul from ruin?  
Can it be? Can it be?  
Oh, yes! He did salvation bring;  
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King;  
And now my happy soul can sing,  
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!

- 3 Jesus my weary soul refreshes;  
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!  
And every moment Christ is precious  
Unto me, Unto me;  
None can describe the bliss I prove,  
While thro' this wilderness I rove,  
All may enjoy the Saviour's love,  
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!

- 4 Long as I live, I'll still be crying,  
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!  
And this shall be my theme when dying,  
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!  
And when the vale of death I've passed,  
When lodg'd above the stormy blast,  
I'll sing, while endless ages last,  
Mercy's free! Mercy's free!

*Richard Jukes, 1841.*

139.

### The Golden Harvest.

*Tune—S. E., page 89.*

**W**AITING is the golden harvest,  
Waiting is the golden grain,  
While the Master calls for reapers  
From the hill-side and the plain?

REF.—Who is willing? who is ready?  
Who will go to work to day?  
See the golden harvest waiting,  
Who will bear the sheaves away?

- 2 Truly is the harvest plenteous,  
But the laborers are few;  
Pray ye that the Lord of harvest  
Send forth workmen tried and true.

- 3 Will the Master hold us guiltless,  
If the work be left undone?  
If for lack of labor perish  
Precious souls we might have won?

- 4 Haste, oh, hasten, willing workers,  
 Swiftly speed the hours away ;  
 Harken to the Master's warning,  
 " Work ye while ' tis called to-day."

*Annie Cummings.*

140. Come to Jesus just now.

*Tune—S. E., page 90.*

COME to Jesus, Come to Jesus,  
 Come to Jesus just now,  
 Just now come to Jesus,  
 Come to Jesus just now.

- 2 He will save you.  
 3 O believe Him.  
 4 He is able.  
 5 He is willing.  
 6 He'll receive you.  
 7 Flee to Jesus.  
 8 Call unto Him.  
 9 Jesus, save me.  
 10 He will hear you.  
 11 He'll forgive you.  
 12 He will cleanse you.  
 13 He'll renew you.  
 14 He will clothe you.  
 15 Jesus loves you.  
 16 Don't reject Him.  
 17 Only trust Him.  
 18 You will praise Him.

*E. P. Hammond.*

141. The Lord will provide.

*Tune—S. E., page 91.*

IN some way or other  
 The Lord will provide ;  
 It may not be *my* way,  
 It may not be *thy* way,  
 And yet, in His *own* way,  
 The Lord will provide.

CHO.—It may not be *my* way,  
 It may not be *thy* way,  
 And yet, in His *own* way,  
 The Lord will provide.

- 2 At some time or other  
The Lord will provide ;  
It may not be *my* time,  
It may not be *thy* time,  
And yet, in His *own* time,  
The Lord will provide.
- 3 Despond, then, no longer ;  
The Lord will provide ;  
And this be the token—  
No word He hath spoken  
Was ever yet broken,—  
The Lord will provide.
- 4 March on, then, right boldly ;  
The sea shall divide ;  
The pathway made glorious  
With shoutings victorious,  
We'll join in the chorus.  
The Lord will provide.

*Mrs. M. A. W. Cook.*

# 142. Response to "Come to Jesus.

*Tune—S. E., page 90.*

I AM coming, I am coming  
To my Saviour, just now,  
Just now I am coming,  
I am coming just now.

- 2 He will save me, &c.  
3 I'll believe Him.  
4 Jesus help me.  
5 Help me trust Thee;  
6 I love Jesus.  
7 I'll obey Him.  
8 Work for Jesus.  
9 We will praise Him.  
10 Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
Hallelujah, Amen;  
Amen, Hallelujah,  
Hallelujah, Amen.

*E. P. H.*

# 143. Even me.

The following note was read at one of the large union prayer meetings in the First Presbyterian church, (O. S.) Rochester.

"But Saturday afternoon, at the First Presbyterian church, when they all sang those beautiful words, 'and blessing others, O bless me, even me.' It seemed to reach



my very soul. I thought Jesus can accept 'me, even ME,' a bad, wicked, passionate mother; and it brought me to His feet, and I feel my burden of sin removed. Jesus has accepted ME, EVEN ME. Can you wonder that I love those words 'may I too sing them when He shall take me before His throne, and accept EVEN ME. God bless you.

"Yours truly, A CONVERT."

*Tune—S. E., page 92.*

**L**ORD, I hear of showers of blessing,  
Thou art scattering full and free;  
Show'st the thirsty land refreshing,  
Let some droppings fall on me—Even me.

2 Pass me not, O God, my Father,  
Sinful though my heart may be;  
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather,  
Let Thy mercy light on me—Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,  
Let me live and cling to Thee;  
Fain I'm longing for Thy favor;  
Whil'st Thou'rt calling, call for me—Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,  
Thou can'st make the blind to see;  
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
Speak the word of power to me—Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,  
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;  
Grace of God, so rich and boundless,  
Magnify it all in me—Even me.

6 Pass me not, Thy lost one bringing;  
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee:  
Whilst the streams of life are springing,  
Blessing others, oh, bless me—Even me

*Mrs. Elizabeth Codner, 1860.*

# 144. "Even me."

While in Weston-super-Mary, England, Mrs. Codner very kindly gave me the following hymn, never before in print, which will be found expressive of the joyful feelings of those who in sorrow have sung 'EVEN ME.'

*Tune—S. E., page 92.*

**L**ORD! to Thee my heart ascending,  
For Thy mercy full and free,  
Sings its thanks for grace transcending,  
Grace vouchsafed to sinful me—Even me.

2 Holy Father! who with yearning  
Of eternal love, didst see  
This poor blind one's evil turning;  
Thy didst give Thy son for me—Even me.

- 3 Precious Saviour ! Great Redeemer !  
Praise, eternal praise to Thee !  
Though so long a wandering sinner,  
Thou hast kindly welcomed me—Even me.
- 4 And to Thee, O mighty Spirit,  
Blessing shall for ever be ;  
Witnessing of Jesus' merit,  
Thou hast bro't sweet peace to me—Even me.
- 5 But I'm lost in joyful wondering,  
And I say— oh, can it be,  
That there will be no more sundering  
'Twixt my blessed Lord and me ?—Even me.
- 6 Can it be that I, an alien,  
Now a child shall ever be ?  
Can it be that, all forgiven,  
Glory is prepared for me ?—Even me.
- 7 Yes ! for Jesus liveth ever,  
And His blood hath made me free ;  
From His love no foe can sever,  
For He gave *Himself* for me—Even me.
- 8 Lord ! I thank Thee for salvation,  
Grace so mighty and so free ;  
Take me all in consecration,  
Glorify Thyself in me—Even me.

*Mrs. Elizabeth Codner, 1867.*

## 145. Jesus on the cross.

“I went to church almost in despair, and tried to listen, when suddenly I saw the loving Jesus on the cross looking at me, and I could almost hear him say that my sins were forgiven. It was almost too good to believe. The next evening I could not help singing those sweet hymns with the rest of the congregation.”

*Tune—S. E., page 53.*

JESUS on the cross I saw,  
Bleeding, dying, all for me ;  
I could almost hear him say,  
“ All thy sins are pardoned thee.”

CHO.—I have seen Jesus,  
I have seen Jesus,  
I have seen Jesus,  
My Saviour, on the cross.

- 2 First my heart could scarce believe,  
That my sins were all forgiven,  
But assurance I've received,  
And I hope to sing in heaven.

- 3 Now my soul is full of joy,  
 "I love Jesus, yes, I do;"  
 Singing is my chief employ,  
 "Jesus smiles, and loves me too."

E. P. H.

## 146. Lenox. H. M.

*Tune—S. E., page 94.*

- A**RISE, my soul arise ;  
 Shake off thy guilty fears ;  
 The bleeding Sacrifice  
 In my behalf appears ;  
 Before the throne my Surety stands :—  
 My name is written on His hands.
- 2 Five bleeding wounds He bears,  
 Received on Calvary ;  
 They pour effectual prayers,  
 They strongly plead for me :—  
 Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,  
 Nor let that ransomed sinner die.
- 3 The Father bears him pray,  
 His dear anointed One :  
 He cannot turn away  
 The presence of his Son :  
 His Spirit answers to the blood,  
 And tells me I am born of God.
- 4 My God is reconciled ;  
 His pard'ning voice I hear ;  
 He owns me for His Child ;  
 I can no longer fear :  
 With confidence I now draw nigh,  
 And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

*C. Wesley. 1741.*

## 147. Your music bring.

*Tune—S. E., page 94.*

- Y**E saints ! your music bring,  
 And swell the rapturous sound ;  
 Strike every trembling string,  
 Till earth and heaven resound :  
 The triumphs of the cross we sing—  
 Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.
- 2 The cross—the cross alone—  
 Subdued the powers of hell ;  
 Like lightning from His throne,  
 The prince of darkness fell ;  
 The triumphs of the cross we sing—  
 Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

- 3 The cross hath power to save,  
 From all the foes that rise ;  
 The cross hath made the grave  
 A passage to the skies ;  
 The triumphs of the cross we sing—  
 Awake, ye saints ! each joyful string.

*Andrew Reed, 1817.*

148.

On high.

*Tune—S. E., page 94.*

**G**OD is gone up on high,  
 With a triumphant noise ;  
 The clarions of the sky  
 Proclaim th' angelic joys :  
 Join, all on earth ! rejoice and sing,  
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.

- 2 All power to our great Lord  
 Is by the Father given,  
 By angel-hosts adored,  
 He reigns supreme in heaven ;  
 Join, all on earth ! rejoice and sing—  
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.

- 3 Then all on earth, renewed  
 In righteousness divine,  
 With all the hosts of God,  
 In one great chorus join :  
 Join, all on earth ! rejoice and sing,  
 Glory ascribe to glory's King.

*C. Wesley, 1747.*

149.

Jesus.

*Tune S. E., page 94.*

**J**ESUS—transporting name !  
 It charms the hosts above ;  
 They evermore proclaim,  
 And wonder at His love ;  
 They look upon His heavenly face,  
 And study His mysterious grace.

- 2 His name the sinner hears,  
 And is from sin set free,  
 'Tis music in his ears,  
 'Tis life and victory ;  
 New songs do now his lips employ,  
 And dances his glad heart for joy.
- 3 Oh, for trumpet voice,  
 On all the world to call :

To bid their hearts rejoice  
In Him, who died for all;  
Inspire with praise each human tongue,  
And wake a universal song.

C. Wesley.

150.

Parting.

*Tune—S. E., page 94.*

**J**ESUS, accept the praise,  
That to Thy name belongs;  
Matter of all our lays,  
Subject of all our songs;  
Through Thee we now together came  
And part exulting in Thy name.

2 In flesh we part awhile,  
But still in spirit joined,  
T' embrace the happy toil  
Thou hast to each assigned;  
And while we do Thy blessed will,  
We bear our heaven about us still.

3 There we shall meet again.  
When all our toils are o'er,  
And death, and grief, and pain;  
And parting are no more:  
We shall with all our brethren rise,  
And see Thee in the flaming skies.

C. Wesley.

151.

Christ offering pardon.

*Tune "Hold the Fort."*

**L**O, the loving Jesus standeth  
Closely now by thee!  
In His pierced hands a pardon;—  
He can set thee free!

**CHO.**—Sue for mercy quickly sinner,  
Ere He passeth by;  
When He once is out of hearing  
Thou must surely die!

2 Listen to His words of kindness,  
They must win thy love;  
For thy sins I've brought a pardon,  
From the throne above.

3 All the agony I suffered,  
Thou canst never know,  
That I might afford thee rescue  
From eternal woe.

4 Though by law thou art most justly  
Doomed to suffer death ;  
Yet for thee I asked a pardon,  
With my dying breath.

5 If thou only dost accept it,  
Oh ! what joy is thine !  
Joy on earth and bliss in Heaven,  
Will be thine and Mine.

CHO.—I accept it, blessèd Jesus,  
From Thy piercèd hand ;  
'Tis Thy precious death redeems us,  
From the law's demand.

*E. P. H. 1875*

# 152 Jesus in Pilate's hall. S. M.

*Tune—S. E., page 96.*

**I**N Pilate's house behold,  
The blessed Saviour bound ;  
His marble brow all deadly cold,  
With thorns He there is crowned.

- 2 Draw near to Him I pray,  
He's wounded there for thee ;  
Oh ! do not turn from Him away,  
List to that mockery.
- 3 Oh ! see those cruel stripes  
Upon His back all bare ;  
See from His bleeding brow He wipes  
The blood that trickles there.
- 4 That blood was shed for thee,  
For thee 'twas freely spilt ;  
From all thy sins to set thee free,  
And cleanse away thy guilt.
- 5 He died that thou mightst live,  
Oh ! come and trust Him now ;  
He'll freely all thy sins forgive,  
And clothe with peace thy brow.
- 6 Now say : oh, Lord—I pray  
For Jesus' sake alone ;  
Take all my sins and guilt away,  
And make me all Thine own.

*E. P. H. 1866*

# 153. A revival sought

*Tune—S. E., page 96.*

**R**EVIVE thy work, O Lord !  
Thy mighty arm make bare ;  
Speak, with the voice that wakes the dead  
And make Thy people hear.



- 2 Revive Thy work, O Lord !  
 Disturb this sleep of death ;  
 Quickened the smouldering embers now  
 By Thine almighty breath.
- 3 Revive Thy work, O Lord !  
 Exalt Thy precious name ;  
 And, by the Holy Ghost, our love,  
 For Thee and Thine inflame.
- 4 Revive Thy work, O Lord !  
 And give refreshing showers ;  
 The glory shall be all Thine own,  
 The blessing, Lord ! be ours.

*Albert Midlane. 1861.*

# 54. Prayer for revival.

*Tune—S. E., page 96.*

**O** LORD, Thy work revive  
 In Zion's gloomy hour,  
 And let our dying graces live,  
 By Thy restoring power.

- 2 Oh, let Thy chosen few  
 Awake to earnest prayer ;  
 Their sacred vows again renew,  
 And walk in filial fear.
- 3 Thy spirit then will speak  
 Through lips of feeble clay,  
 Till hearts of adamant shall break,  
 Till rebels shall obey,
- 4 Now lend thy gracious ear ;  
 Now listen to our cry ;  
 Oh, come and bring salvation near,  
 Our souls on thee rely.

*Mrs. P. H. Brown.*

# 155. 0 for the happy hour.

*Tune—S. E., page 96.*

**O** FOR the happy hour  
 When God will hear our cry,  
 And send, with a reviving power,  
 His Spirit from on high.

- 2 Our prayers are faint and dull,  
 And languid all our songs ;  
 Where once with joy our hearts were full  
 And rapture tuned our tongues.
- 3 Thou, Thou alone canst give  
 Thy gospel sure success ;  
 Canst bid the dying sinner live  
 Anew in holiness.

- 4 Come then with power divine,  
 Spirit of life and love ;  
 Then shall our people all be Thine,  
 Our church like that above.

*Rev. George W. Bethune.*

# 156. Amazing grace.

*Tune—S. E., page 97.*

**A**MAZING grace ! how sweet the sound,  
 That saved a wretch like me !  
 I once was lost, but now am found,  
 Was blind, but now I see.

REF.—Was blind, but now I see,  
 Was blind, but now see ;  
 I once was lost, but now am found,  
 Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
 And grace my fears relieved :  
 How precious did that grace appear,  
 ¶ The hour I first believed ! :||

3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,  
 I have already come :  
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
 ¶ And grace will lead me home. :||

*John Newton. 1776.*

# 157. Jesus' charming name.

*Tune—S. E., page 97.*

**J**ESUS, I love Thy charming name,  
 'Tis music to mine ear ;  
 Fain would I sound it out so loud  
 That earth and heaven should hear

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,  
 My transport and my trust ;  
 Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,  
 And gold is sordid dust.

3 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,  
 And sheds its fragrance there ;  
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
 The cordial of its care.

*Rev. P. Doddridge.*

# 158. Come, Holy Ghost.

*Tune—S. E., page 97.*

**C**OME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire ;  
 Let us Thine influence prove ;—  
 Source of the old prophetic fire ;  
 Fountain of life and love.

- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, for, moved by Thee  
The prophets wrote and spoke:  
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key,  
Unseal the sacred book.
- 3 God, through Himself, we then shall know,  
If Thou within us shine;  
And sound, with all Thy saints below,  
The depths of love divine.

C. Wesley.

## 159. Perfect Salvation.

Tune—S. E., page 98.

MY God I have found  
The thrice blessed ground,  
Where life, and where joy, and true comfort abound.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory!  
Hallelujah! Amen!  
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!  
Revive us again.

2 'Tis found in the blood  
Of Him who once stood  
My refuge and safety, my surety with God.

3 He bore on the tree  
The sentence for me,  
And now both the Surety and sinner are free.

4 Accepted I am  
In the once-offered Lamb;  
It was God who Himself had devised the plan.

5 And though here below,  
Mid sorrow and woe,  
My place is in heaven with Jesus I know.

6 And this I shall find,  
For such is His mind,  
“He'll not be in glory and leave me behind.”

7 For soon He will come  
And take me safe home,  
And make me to sit with Himself, on His throne.

Rev. C. Wesley.

## 160. Revive us again.

Tune—S. E., page 98.

WE praise Thee, O God!  
For the Son of Thy love,  
For Jesus, who died, and is now gone above.

CHO.—Hallelujah, &amp;c.

2 We praise Thee, O God !  
 For Thy Spirit of light,  
 Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our  
 night.

3 All glory and praise  
 To the Lamb that was slain,  
 Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every  
 stain.

4 All glory and praise  
 To the God of all grace,  
 Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our  
 ways.

5 Revive us again ;  
 Fill each heart with Thy love ;  
 May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

*Dr. W. P. Mackay, 1866.*

161.

Come to Jesus !

*Tune—S. E., page 99.*

COME, come to Jesus !  
 He waits to welcome thee,  
 O wand'rer, eagerly ;  
 Come, come to Jesus !

2 Come, come to Jesus !  
 He waits to ransom thee,  
 O slave eternally ;  
 Come, come to Jesus !

3 Come, come to Jesus !  
 He waits to lighten thee,  
 O burdened graciously ;  
 Come, come to Jesus !

4 Come, come to Jesus !  
 He waits to give to thee,  
 O blind ! a vision free :  
 Come, come to Jesus !

5 Come, come to Jesus !  
 He waits to shelter thee,  
 O weary ! blessedly ;  
 Come, come to Jesus !

6 Come, come to Jesus !  
 He waits to carry thee,  
 O Lamb so lovingly,  
 Come, come to Jesus !

*Rev. Geo. B. Peck. 1864*

## 162. My God, I am Thine.

*Tune—S. E., page 98.*

MY God, I am Thine; what a comfort divine—  
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine!

CHO.—Hallelujah, &c.

- 2 In the heavenly Lamb thrice happy I am;  
And my heart doth rejoice at the sound of His name.
- 3 True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound;  
And whoever hath found it, hath paradise found.
- 4 My Jesus to know, and feel His love flow,  
'Tis life everlasting—'tis heaven below.
- 5 Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast:  
That—*that* is the fulness, but this is the taste!

*Ch. Wesley.*

## 163. Praise.

*Tune—S. E., page 98.*

WE praise Thy great love, our Father and God  
Rejoicing in Jesus, whom Thou hast bestowed;

CHO.—Hallelujah, Thine the glory, Hallelujah, Amen,  
Hallelujah, Thine the glory, revive us again.

- 2 We praise Thy great love, our Saviour and King,  
Beloved Immanuel, Thy praises we sing.
- 3 We praise Thy great love, blessed Spirit of might,  
Who has formed in us Jesus, and scattered our night.
- 4 We praise Thee, O God, for the joy Thou hast given,  
To Thy *saints* in communion, these foretastes of  
Heav'n.

*Dr. W. P. Mackay. alt.*

## 164. Accepted.

*Tune—S. E., page 98.*

ACCEPTED in Christ, who has stood, in our place,  
We shall shew in the glory Thy riches of grace.

CHO.—Hallelujah, *come in glory*, Hallelujah, Amen,  
Hallelujah, *come in glory*, come quickly again.

- 2 We *work* for Thee now, till Thy body complete,  
The Bride and the Bridegroom, in glory shall meet.
- 3 And Jesus, we wait for the time Thou shalt come,  
We long for Thy presence, our heavenly home;
- 4 We praise Thee, O God, for the springs by the way,  
That refresh us, lone pilgrims, while our Lord is  
away.

*Dr. W. P. Mackay. 1866.*

165.

I am Thine.

"For a long time I have wished to be a Christian ; but did not find the way to Jesus till after I went to three of your children's meetings. There a kind lady spoke to me and after praying at home, I became very happy. Now like to read my Bible, and try to love Him more and more every day. I can't do enough for dear Jesus. I like to sing 'I love Jesus, yes I do.' I love to pray, and I pray three times a day. Will you please to pray for me : "Your little friend

"Eleven years old,"

Fanny B—."

*Tune—S. E., page 100.*

DEAR Jesus ! now I trust I'm thine,  
For now I love to pray ;  
I feel like singing all the time,  
I'm happy all the day.

CHO.—Dear Jesus now I'll sing Thy praise,  
For Thou hast died for me,  
And I will serve Thee all my days,  
And trust alone in Thee.

2 Alas ! how wicked I have been,  
To be ashamed of Thee ;  
How could I live so long in sin,  
That nailed Thee to the tree !

3 But now I'll toil with all my might,  
To bring my friends to Thee ;  
I'll talk and pray, both day and night,  
To make them come with me.

4 I'll pray that, like the little one,  
Of whom I now have read,  
My heart may yearn for those undone  
By sin, whose souls are dead.

5 I'll pray that they may Jesus love,  
Who for their sins has died,  
That they with Him may dwell above,  
Who once was crucified.

*E. P. H.*

166.

Coming to Jesus.

*Tune—S. E., page 100.*

DEAR Jesus, I to Thee would come,  
My hope is all in Thee ;  
I'm far from God, and far from home,  
Oh, help and pity me.

CHO.—It was for me that Jesus bled  
Upon the cruel tree ;  
For me He bowed His thorn-clad head  
In bitter agony.



- 2 Although as yet I am but young,  
I have a sinful heart,  
Oft wicked words are on my tongue,  
From Thee I've lived apart.
- 3 Alas! alas! how blind I've been,  
To live contented here!  
My soul all clothed in rags of sin,  
Oh, how must I appear!
- 4 "Suffer the little ones to come,"  
How often Thou hast said,  
"And I will take them safely home—  
For them My blood was shed."
- 5 Oh, then, I will not be afraid,  
Though called this hour to die;  
Since all my sins on Thee were laid,  
Thou'lt take me up on high.

E. P. H.

## 167. The suffering of Christ.

*Tune—S. E., page 100.*

**T**HINK how the Holy Saviour bled  
Upon the cruel tree;  
And ask what means that doleful cry  
Of bitter agony?

**CHO.**—It was for you that Jesus bled  
Upon the cruel tree;  
For you He bowed His thorn-clad head  
In bitter agony.

- 2 'Twas not because the piercèd nails  
His hands and feet had torn,  
'Twas not because His blessèd brow,  
Had felt the wreathèd thorn.
- 3 But deeper sorrows far than these  
The blessed Jesus knew;  
For ah! His soul was tasting then  
The death to sinners due.
- 4 'Twas love!—'twas love to ruin'd man,  
Whose sin He deigned to bear—  
That sinners, through His death of shame,  
Eternal life might share.

E. P. H.

## 168. O wondrous love.

*Tune—S. E., page 100.*

**O**H wondrous, deep, unbounded love,  
My Saviour can it be  
That Thou hast borne the crown of thorns,  
And suffered death for me?

CHO.—I do believe, I now believe,  
That Jesus died for me ;  
That here and hereafter,  
I happy shall be.

- 2 I kneel, repenting, at Thy feet,  
I give myself to Thee ;  
I plead Thy merits, Thine alone,  
For Thou hast died for me.
- 3 Oh, let me plunge beneath the tide,  
For sinners flowing free,  
Then rise, renewed by grace divine,  
And shout salvation free.
- 4 And when I reach Thy place above,  
My sweetest notes will be,  
Redemption through a Saviour's name,  
Who bled and died for me.

*Fanny J. Crosby, 1873*

# 169. Rock of Ages. 7s.

*Tune—S. E., page 102.*

- R**OCK of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee ;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy wounded side which flow'd,  
Be of sin a double cure ;  
Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears forever flow,  
Could my zeal no languor know ;  
This for sin could not atone ;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone ;  
In my hand no price I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling.
  - 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyes shall close in death ;  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold Thee on Thy throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me ;  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

*A. M. Toplady. 1776.*

# 170. What we owe to Jesus.

*Tune—S. E., page 102.*

**W**HEN this passing world is done,  
When has sunk yon glaring sun,  
When with Jesus I shall stand,  
Having reached the promised land ;  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
Not till then—how much I owe.

- 2 When I stand before the throne,  
Dress'd in beauty not my own ;  
When I see Thee as Thou art,  
Love Thee with unsinning heart,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
Not till then—how much I owe.
- 3 When the praise of heaven I hear,  
Loud as thunders to the ear,  
Loud as many water's noise,  
Sweet as harps' melodious voice ;  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
Not till then—how much I owe !

*R. M. McCheyne.*

171. Gethsemane.

*Tune—S. E., page 102.*

- M**ANY woes had Christ endured,  
Many sore temptations met,  
Patient and to pains inured ;  
But the sorest trial yet  
Was to be sustained in thee,  
Gloomy, sad Gethsemane.
- 2 Came at length the dreadful night ;  
Vengeance, with its iron rod,  
Stood, and with collected might,  
Bruis'd the harmless Lamb of God :  
See, my soul, my Saviour see !  
Prostrate in Gethsemane.
- 3 There my God bore all my guilt ;  
This, thro' grace, can be believed ;  
But the horrors which He felt  
Are too vast to be conceived :  
None can penetrate through thee,  
Doleful, dark Gethsemane.

*J. Hart, 1757.*

172. Only Thee.

*Tune—S. E., page 102.*

- B**LESSED Saviour ! Thee I love,  
All my other joys above ;  
All my hopes in Thee abide,  
Thou my hope, and naught beside ;  
Ever let my glory be,  
Only, only, only Thee.
- 2 Once again beside the cross,  
All my gain I count but loss,  
Earthly pleasures fade away,  
Clouds they are that hide my day :  
Hence, vain shadows ! let me see  
Jesus crucified for me.

3 Blessed Saviour ! Thine am I,  
 Thine to live, and Thine to die ;  
 Height, or depth, or earthly power  
 Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more ;  
 Ever shall my glory be  
 Only, only, only Thee.

*G. Duffield.*

# 173. Judgment hymn.

*Tune—S. E., page 103.*

**T**HE judgment day is coming, coming, coming,  
 The judgment day is coming;  
 O that great day !

**CHO.**—Let us take the wings of the morning,  
 And fly away to Jesus ;  
 Let us take the wings of the morning,  
 And sound the jubilee.

2 I heard the trumpet sounding, sounding, sounding,  
 I heard the trumpet sounding,  
 On that great day.

3 I saw the Judge descending, descending, descending,  
 I saw the Judge descending,  
 On that great day.

4 I saw the dead arising, arising, arising,  
 I saw the dead arising,  
 On that great day.

5 I heard the thunder rolling, rolling, rolling,  
 I heard the thunder rolling,  
 On that great day.

6 I saw the lightning blazing, blazing, blazing,  
 I saw the lightning blazing,  
 On that great day.

7 I heard the wicked wailing, wailing, wailing,  
 I heard the wicked wailing,  
 On that great day.

**CHO.**—For they took not the wings of the morning,  
 Nor flew away to Jesus ;  
 For they took not the wings of the morning,  
 Nor sang the jubilee.

8 I heard the righteous shouting, shouting, shouting,  
 I heard the righteous shouting,  
 On that great day.

**CHO.**—For they took the wings of the morning,  
 And flew away to Jesus ;  
 For they took the wings of the morning,  
 And sang the jubilee.

*Anon.*

174.

Sing, sing, sing.

*Tune—S. E., page 104.*

**I**N the house of God this hour,  
 We are thinking Lord, of Thee,  
 How, Thou for us all hast died upon the cross:  
 And our hearts are filled with joy,  
 For we know that we are free,  
 Since in Thee we trust, and count past gain but loss.

**CHO.**—Sing, sing, sing, the Saviour's triumphed!  
 We'll rejoice and dry our tears,  
 He has washed our sins away;  
 All our hopes upon Him stay,  
 By His death for us He's silenced all our fears.

2 In the battle front we'll stand,  
 There defying Satan's rage,  
 For our strength is now in Christ for evermore:  
 And the hosts of darkness, they  
 Shall be driven in dismay,  
 And we'll shout the cry of "Victory!" o'er and o'er.

3 Sinners, who are out of Christ,  
 Oh say, why will you delay.  
 When to you is offered richest joy and bliss?  
 Well we know that you for aye  
 Will thank God and bless the day,  
 If you will only accept Christ's righteousness.

4 Jesus is your loving Friend,  
 And He wants to save you now—  
 'Twas for you that He so kindly bled and died;  
 Oh then, think of all His groans,  
 Of His pierced, thorn-clad brow,  
 When He died that justice might be satisfied.

5 Only trust in Him "just now,"  
 And He'll surely you forgive,  
 And our joyous chorus then with us you'll sing;  
 You will also taste the joys  
 Which our Lord doth ever give  
 To the soul that unto Him doth always cling.

*E. P. H.*

175.

Prayer for the Holy Spirit.

*Tune—S. E., page 105.*

**T**EACH us, oh Lord, how weak we are,  
 That all our strength is vain;  
 That only by the Spirit's power  
 Thy work revives again.

- 2 And teach us, Lord, how willingly  
Thy Spirit Thou dost give;  
And help us now in faith to pray,  
And then the dead shall live.
- 3 Oh, come, and by Thy Spirit's power,  
Convince us all of sin;  
And from this consecrated hour,  
Thy gracious work begin.
- 4 Oh may the young and aged too,  
With deep contrition, cry  
I'm lost, oh Lord, what shall I do?  
Oh, whither shall I fly!
- 5 Then may they think of Him who died  
Upon the cruel tree;  
Who, for their sins was crucified,  
From guilt to set them free.
- 6 And may they hear the Saviour cry,  
*Look unto me and live!*  
I am the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
I will salvation give.

E. P. H.

176.

## Prayer.

*Tune—S. E., page 105.*

**P**RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
Unuttered or expressed;  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.

- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.

- 3 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air;  
His watchword at the gates of death;  
He enters heaven with prayer.

*J. Montgomery, 1819.*

177.

## In Jesus' Name.

*Tune—S. E., page 106.*

**O**H God, we need Thy mighty power,  
In this our Zion's trying hour,  
In *Jesus Name* we pray;  
"For Jesus' sake" Thou didst forgive,  
"For Jesus' sake" Thou bad'st us live,  
On that thrice blessed day.

- 2 But now we pray "*in Jesus Name*,"  
The Holy Spirit's power we claim;  
We come with boldness now;



The Saviour's promise still we hear,  
The mercy-seat it brings us near,  
And there in faith we bow.

3 We each, O Lord, confess with shame,  
That ere we prayed "in Jesus' Name,"  
We had no power with Thee :  
But now our prayers they must prevail,  
In Jesus' name we cannot fail ;  
Thine shall the glory be.

4 Our prayer is for Thy people, Lord,  
That they may be of "one accord"  
Before the throne of grace :  
Then will they everywhere proclaim  
The power of prayer in Jesus' Name,  
And love to see Thy face.

5 The lost will surely hear them tell,  
How Jesus came to save from hell,  
And bore their guilt and shame ;  
Their tears will melt the hardest heart,  
Their words to some will life impart,  
Who'll pray in "*Jesus Name*."

*E. P. H.*

# 178. In the new Jerusalem.

*Tune— S. E., page 107.*

**W**E are on our journey home,  
Where Christ our Lord is gone ;  
We shall meet around His throne.  
When He makes His people one  
||: In the new :|| in the new Jerusalem.

2 We can see that distant home,  
Tho' clouds rise dark between ,  
Faith views the radiant dome,  
And a lustre flashes keen  
||: From the new :|| Jerusalem.

3 O glory shining far :  
From the never-setting Sun !  
O trembling morning-star !  
Our journey's almost done  
||: To the new :|| Jerusalem.

4 O holy, heavenly home !  
O rest eternal there !  
When shall the exiles come,  
Where they cease from earthly care,  
||: In the new :|| Jerusalem.

*Rev. Chas. Beecher. 1855.*

179.

## Probation.

*Tune—S. E., page 106.*

**L**O! on a narrow neck of land  
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,  
 Secure, insensible!  
 A point of time, a moment's space,  
 Removes me to yon heavenly place,  
 Or shuts me up in hell.

- 2 O God, my inmost soul convert,  
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
 Eternal things impress;  
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
 And tremble on the brink of fate,  
 And wake to righteousness.
- 3 Before me place, in dread array,  
 The pomp of that tremendous day  
 When Thou with clouds shalt come  
 To judge the nations at Thy bar:  
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,  
 To meet a joyful doom?
- 4 Be this my one great business here—  
 With serious industry and fear,  
 Eternal bliss t' insure;  
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
 And suffer all Thy righteous will,  
 And to the end endure.

*C. Wesley.*

180.

## Singing all the Time.

"I think that I have found the dear Jesus. I do not see how I could have rejected him so long. I think I can sing, with the rest of those who have found Jesus, 'Jesus is mine. The first time that I came to these meetings I cried; but now I feel like singing all the time.'"

*Tune—S. E., page 108.*

**I** FEEL like singing all the time,  
 My tears are wiped away,  
 For Jesus is a Friend of mine,  
 I'll serve Him every day.

CHO.—Singing glory, glory,  
 Glory be to God on high.

- 2 When on the cross my Lord I saw,  
 Nailed there by sins of mine,  
 Fast fell the burning tears; but now  
 I'm singing all the time.

- 3 When fierce temptations try my heart,  
I'll sing "Jesus is mine ;"  
And so, though tears at times may start  
I'm singing all the time.
- 4 Oh, happy little singing one,  
What music is like thine ?  
With Jesus as thy Life and Sun,  
Go singing all the time !
- 5 "The melting story of the Lamb"  
Tell with that voice of thine,  
Till others, with the glad new song,  
Go singing all the time.

E. P. H.

## 181. I love the Lord.

*Tune—S. E., page 108.*

**I** LOVE the Lord my God because  
That He hath heard my cry ;  
With joy I'll now obey His laws,  
I'll serve Him till I die.

CHO.—Singing, glory &amp;c.

- 2 The fears of death encompassed me,  
The pains of hell alarmed,  
'Twas then, O Lord, I called on Thee,  
And all my fears were calmed.
- 3 Return unto thy rest, my soul,  
Thou, Lord, art all my stay,  
I yield myself to Thy control,  
Oh teach me, Lord, Thy way.
- 4 My soul is rescued now from death,  
Mine eyes are free from tears,  
I'll praise Thee with my daily breath,  
Till Christ our Lord appears.

E. P. H.

## 182. Blessed Assurance.

*Tune—S. E., page 109.*

**B**LESSED assurance, Jesus is mine !  
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine !  
Heir of salvation, purchased of God,  
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

CHO.—This is my story, this is my song,  
Praising my Saviour all the day long ;  
This is my story, this is my song,  
Praising my Saviour all the day long.

- 2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,  
Visions of rapture burst on my sight,  
Angels descending, bring from above,  
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

- 3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,  
 I in my Saviour am happy and blest,  
 Watching and waiting, looking above,—  
 Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.  
*Fanny J. Crosby, 1873.*

### 183. My Jesus, I love Thee.

*Tune—S. E., page 110.*

- M**Y Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine;  
 For Thee all the pleasures of sin I resign;  
 My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou;  
 ||: If ever I loved Thee, || my Jesus, 'tis now.
- 2 I love Thee, because Thou hast first loved me,  
 And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;  
 I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow,  
 ||: If ever I loved Thee, || my Jesus, 'tis now.
- 3 I'll love Thee in life, and I'll love Thee in death,  
 And praise Thee as long as Thou givest me breath;  
 And say, when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,  
 ||: "If ever I loved Thee, || my Jesus 'tis now.
- 4 In mansions of glory and endless delight,  
 I'll ever adore Thee in yon heaven of light,  
 I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,  
 ||: If ever I loved Thee, || dear Jesus, 'tis now,"

*London Hymn Book, 1864.*

### 184. Jehovah Tsidkenu.

*Tune—S. E., page 110.*

- I** ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God,  
 I knew not my danger, and felt not my load;  
 Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,  
 "Jehovah Tsidkenu" was nothing to me.
- 2 When free grace awoke me by light from on high,  
 Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die;  
 No refuge or safety in self could I see—  
 "Jehovah Tsidkenu" my Saviour must be.
- 3 My terrors all vanished before the sweet Name,  
 My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came  
 To drink at the Fountain, life-giving and free;  
 "Jehovah Tsidkenu" is all things to me.
- 4 When treading the valley and shadow of death,  
 This watchword shall rally my faltering breath:  
 And when from life's fever my God sets me free,  
 "Jehovah Tsidkenu" my death-song shall be.

*Robt. M. McCheyne, 1834.*

## 185. Keep Thou my way.

*Tune—S. E., page 111.*

**K**EEP Thou my way, O Lord !  
 Myself I cannot guide ;  
 Nor dare I trust my erring steps  
 One moment from Thy side ;  
 I cannot think aright,  
 Unless inspired by Thee ;  
 My heart would fail without Thy aid,  
 Choose thou my thoughts for me.

2 For every act of faith,  
 And every pure design,—  
 For all of good my soul can know,  
 The glory, Lord, be Thine ;  
 Free grace my pardon seals,  
 Thro' Thy atoning blood ;  
 Free grace the full assurance brings,  
 Of peace with Thee, my God.

3 O speak and I will hear ;  
 Command, and I obey ;  
 My willing feet with joy shall haste  
 To run the heavenly way ;  
 Keep Thou my wand'ring heart,  
 And bid it cease to roam ;  
 O bear me safe o'er death's cold wave  
 To heaven, my blissful home

*Fanny J. Crosby, 1869.*

## 186. Coronation.

*Tune—S. E., page 112.*

**A**LL hail the power of Jesus' Name,  
 Let angels prostrate fall ;  
 Bring forth the royal diadem,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
 Ye ransomed from the fall,  
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Sinners ! whose love can ne'er forget  
 The wormwood and the gall ;  
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
 On this terrestrial ball,  
 To Him all majesty ascribe,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

- 5 O! that with yonder sacred throng,  
 We at His feet may fall ;  
 We'll join the everlasting song,  
 And crown Him Lord of all.

*Edward Perronet, 1780.*

# 187. Glory of the Sacred Page.

*Tune—S. E., page 112.*

- W**HAT glory gilds the sacred page!  
 Majestic, like the sun,  
 It gives a light to every age:  
 It gives but borrows none.
- 2 The power that gave it still supplies  
 The gracious light and heat ;  
 Its truths upon the nations rise :  
 They rise, but never set.
- 3 Lord! everlasting thanks be Thine  
 For such a bright display,  
 As makes a world of darkness shine  
 With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 Our souls rejoicingly pursue  
 The steps of Him we love,  
 Till glory breaks upon our view  
 In brighter worlds above.

*Wm. Cowper, 1779.*

# 188. Invitation to Praise.

*Tune—S. E., page 112.*

- O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing  
 My great Redeemer's praise ;  
 The glories of my God and King,  
 The triumphs of His grace.
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,  
 Assist me to proclaim,—  
 To spread through all the earth abroad,  
 The honors of Thy Name.
- 3 Jesus!—the name that charms our fears,  
 That bids our sorrows cease ;  
 'Tis music to the sinner's ears,  
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,  
 He sets the pris'ner free ;  
 His blood can make the foulest clean ;  
 His blood avail'd for me.

*C. Wesley.*



189.

## Martyn. 7s. Double.

*Tune—S. E., page 113.*

**J**ESUS, lover of my soul,  
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
 While the billows near me roll,  
 While the tempest still is high;  
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
 Till the storm of life is past;  
 Safe into the haven guide;  
 Oh, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;  
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
 Leave, O! leave me not alone;  
 Still support and comfort me:  
 All my trust on Thee is stayed;  
 All my help from Thee I bring;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want:  
 More than all in Thee I find;  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick and lead the blind.  
 Just and holy is Thy name;  
 I am all unrighteousness;  
 False, and full of sin I am;  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
 Grace to cover all my sin:  
 Let the healing streams abound;  
 Make and keep me pure within.  
 Thou of life the fountain art;  
 Freely let me take of Thee:  
 Spring Thou up within my heart;  
 Rise to all eternity.

*C. Wesley. 1740.*

190.

## Repentance.

*Tune—S. E., page 113.*

**H**EART of stone, relent, relent!  
 Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;  
 See His body mangled, rent,  
 Stain'd and cover'd with His blood!  
 Sinful soul, what hast thou done?  
 Crucified the' eternal Son.

2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed;  
 Driven the nails that fix'd Him there

Crow'd with thorns His sacred head ;  
 Plunged into His side the spear ;  
 Made His soul a sacrifice,  
 While for sinful man He dies.

- 3 Wilt thou let Him bleed in vain,  
 Still to death thy Lord pursue ?  
 Open all His wounds again,  
 And the shameful cross renew ?  
 No ; with all my sins I'll part ;  
 Saviour, take my broken heart.

*C. Wesley. 1745.*

191.

### America.

*Tune—S. E., page 114.*

THOU Spirit of all grace,——  
 We humbly seek Thy face,  
 Help us to pray ;  
 To Thee alone we cling.  
 Thou can'st salvation bring,  
 Thy mighty power we'll sing,  
 Help us to day.

- 2 O may the sinners' round,  
 Within Thy house be found,  
 Of one accord ;  
 Here may they cry to Thee,  
 To Christ their Saviour flee,  
 And ever happy be  
 In Christ their Lord.

- 3 Give to our precious youth,  
 Soul-saving views of truth,  
 Great God our King ;  
 May they to Jesus throng,  
 And bring their friends along,  
 To join the happy song  
 We love to sing.

*E. P. H. 1873.*

192.

### Worthy is the Lamb.

*Tune—S. E., page 114.*

COME, all ye saints of God ;  
 Wide through the earth abroad  
 Spread Jesus' fame ;  
 Tell what His love has done ;  
 Trust in His name alone ;  
 Shout to His lofty throne,  
 "Worthy the Lamb !"

- 2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears !  
 Dry up your mournful tears ;  
 Swell the glad theme ;

Praise ye our gracious King ;  
 Strike each melodious string ;  
 Join heart and voice to sing,  
 " Worthy the Lamb ! "

- 3 Hark ! how the choirs above  
 Filled with the Saviour's love,  
 Dwell on His name !  
 There, too, may we be found,  
 With light and glory crowned,  
 While all the heavens resound ;  
 " Worthy the Lamb ! "

*James Boden. 1801.*

193.

Jesus lives.

*Tune—S. E., page 115.*

**T**HE Saviour died, but still He lives ;  
 His grace to all He freely gives ;  
 He lives to save the lost from Hell,  
 His wondrous love, O who can tell ?

**CHO.**—O, sinners come and share His love,  
 Then shall you dwell with Him above  
 You too will sing it o'er and o'er,  
 That Jesus lives for evermore.

- 2 He lives repenting souls to bless,  
 His heart is full of tenderness ;  
 He lives to show His pierced hands.  
 To those who dread the law's demands.

- 3 He lives to change the heart of stone,  
 And make it loving like His own ;  
 He lives to bless us every hour,  
 We'll praise Him for His mighty power.

- 4 He lives that He may sanctify  
 All those who on His grace rely ;  
 And though we here awhile may roam,  
 He lives to take His people home.

*E. P. H.*

194.

To Canaan bound.

*Tune—S. E., page 115.*

**P**ILGRIMS we are to Canaan bound,  
 Our journey lies along this road ;  
 This wilderness we travel round,  
 To reach the city of our God.

**CHO.**—O happy pilgrims, spotless fair,  
 What makes your robes so white appear ?  
 Our robes are washed in Jesus' blood,  
 And we are travelling home to God.

- 2 O blessed land ! O happy land !  
 When shall we reach thy golden shore ?  
 And one redeemed, unbroken band  
 United be forever more.
- 3 And if our robes are pure and white,  
 May we all reach that blest abode ?  
 O yes, they all shall dwell in light,  
 Whose robes are washed in Jesus' blood.
- 4 We all shall reach that golden shore,  
 If here we watch and fight, and pray ;  
 Straight is the way, and straight the door,  
 And none but pilgrims find the way.

195.

**My ain Countree.***Tune—S. E., page 116.*

- I'M far frae my hame, and I'm weary oftenwhiles,  
 For the lang'd-for hame-bringing, an' my Father's  
 welcome smiles :  
 I'll ne'er be fu' content, until my een do see  
 The golden gates of heaven, an' my ain countree.  
 The earth is fleck'd wi' flow'rs mony tinted, fresh and  
 gay.  
 The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made them  
 sae ;  
 But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to  
 me.  
 When I hear the angels singing in my ain countree.
- 2 I've His guid word o' promise, that some gladsome  
 day the King  
 To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring :  
 Wi' een an' wi' hearts running owre we shall see  
 "The King in His beauty," an' our ain countree.  
 My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,  
 But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered  
 mair,  
 His bluid hath made me white, His hand shall dry  
 mine e'e,  
 When He brings me hame at last to my ain countree.
- 3 Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,  
 I wad fain be ganging noo unto my Saviour's breast ;  
 For He gathers to His bosom witless, worthless lambs  
 like me,  
 An' carries them Himsel to His ain countree.  
 He's faithfu' that hath promised, He'll surely come  
 again ;  
 He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken,  
 But He bids me still to watch, an' ready aye to be  
 To gang at ony moment to my ain countree.

- 4 So I'm watching aye, an' singing o' my hame as I wait,  
 For the soun'ing of His footfa' this side the gowden  
 gate,  
 God gie His grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to me,  
 That we may gang in gladness to our ain counntree.  
 I've His guid word o' promise, that some gladsome  
 day the King  
 To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring:  
 Wi' een an' wi' hearts running owre we shall see  
 "The King in His beauty," an' our ain countree.

*Miss M. A. Lee.*

## 196. I must be a lover of the Lord.

*Tune—S. E., page 117.*

**M**Y Saviour loves me, this I know,  
 But do I love His Name?  
 Can I with Him to Zion go,  
 And there His love proclaim?

**CHO.**—Yes, I must be a lover of the Lord,  
 Yes, I must be a lover of the Lord,  
 Yes, I must be a lover of the Lord,  
 Or I'll ne'er go to heaven when I die.

2 God's law would banish me to hell,  
 But to the cross I flee;—  
 His dying love no tongue can tell,—  
 His love for sinful me.

3 'Twas there He suffered in my stead,  
 'Twas there He agonized;  
 'Twas there He bowed His bleeking head  
 Rejected, and despised.

4 With faith my risen Lord I see,  
 He bids me look to Him;  
 My heart is changed—O! victory!  
 His blood atones for sin!

**CHO.**—||: O! yes, I am a lover of the Lord, :||  
 He will take me to heaven when I die!

5 Thank God my heart is filled with joy,  
 Oh! come and trust Him too;  
 His praise will then be your employ,  
 This Jesus died for you.

**CHO.**—||: For you must be a lover of the Lord, :||  
 Or you'll ne'er go to heaven when you die.

*E. P. Hammond, 1873.*

## 197 Am I a lover of the Lord ?

*Tune—S. E., page 117.*

AM I a lover of the Lord,  
 A sinner saved by grace ?  
 Oh, speak, dear Saviour, while my soul  
 Still waits before Thy face.

CHO.—Oh, you must be a lover, &c.  
 Oh, you must be a lover, &c.  
 Oh, you must be a lover, &c.  
 Or you'll ne'er go to heaven when you die.

2 Dear Lord, my soul is sick of sin,  
 I thirst for joys divine ;  
 I long to give myself away,  
 And know no will but Thine.

3 That precious blood, that cleansing blood,  
 Oh, was it shed for me ?  
 And, can a guilty sinner claim  
 The drops that flowed so free ?

4 I have rebelled against His laws,  
 And disobeyed His word :  
 And yet I fain would turn and be—  
 A lover of the Lord.

5 The clouds of sin have rolled away,  
 I see a heavenly light ;  
 The burden of my soul is gone,  
 And all around is bright.

CHO.—H: Yes, I trust I'm a lover &c. :||  
 And will go up to heaven when I die.

*Mrs. M. A. Kidder*198. L. M. *Tune, "Rockingham."*

SAVIOUR! that word has sounded long,  
 O'er many a land, in many a tongue—  
 That word all unaccomplished yet—  
 And can thy waiting church forget ?

2 We've trodden many a weary mile,  
 By that bright promise cheered the while ;  
 We've braved a wild and stormy night,  
 Still watching for the morning light.

3 And when the darksome hour seemed long,  
 We've sung the pilgrim's homeward song,  
 And 'mid the angry billows' roar,  
 Have told of Canaan's happy shore.

4 But, Saviour, we are exiles still,  
 The road is rough, the night is chill ;



We see the bright and morning star,  
But it is yet too faint, too far.

- 5 Long have we wept and watched in vain,  
But Thou hast said, "I come again."  
Soon let us hear Thy welcome voice,  
Soon bid Thy waiting church rejoice.

199.

L. M. *Tune, "Forrest."*

- OH! Lord have mercy on my soul,  
According to Thy wondrous grace;  
Thy mercies never can be told,  
Reveal to me Thy shining face.
- 2 Oh! wash me from my guilt and shame,  
And cleanse my soul from every sin,  
For I have oft contemned Thy name,  
Oh, what a sinner I have been.
- 3 Purge me with hyssop, make me clean,  
My soul with joy and gladness fill,  
Give me a peace that's calm, serene,  
Like that which rests on Zion's hill.
- 4 Create my heart entirely new,  
And with me let Thy spirit dwell,  
Give me a joy I never knew,  
Then sinners shall be turned from hell.
- 5 Dear Saviour, open Thou my lips,  
Then shall my heart show forth Thy praise,  
Of Thy great sacrifice I'll teach,  
While God shall lengthen out my days.

E. P. H.

200.

L. M. *Tune, "Retreat." p. 75.*

- WHEN I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast  
Save in the death of Christ my God:  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

*I. Watts, 1707.*

201. L. M. *Tune, S. E., page 80.*

- J**ESUS, assembled in Thy name,  
This promise at Thy hand we claim;  
We do believe; oh let us see  
Great signs and wonders wrought by Thee.
- 2 Command, and these dead souls shall live;  
These blind at once their sight receive;  
Speak, and these deaf shall hear Thy voice,  
These dumb in loudest songs rejoice.
- 3 Now let Thy mighty power be known;  
Now break or melt these hearts of stone:  
We *do* believe, shall we not see  
New signs and wonders wrought by Thee?
- 4 Claim now the souls whom Thou hast bought;  
Fetch home the wanderers Thou hast sought;  
See, Lord, we bring our wants to Thee;  
Let this the hour of mercy be.

202. L. M. *Tune, "Hebron."*

- B**LEST hour! when God himself draws nigh,  
Well pleased His people's voice to hear,  
To hush the penitential sigh,  
And wipe away the mourner's tear.
- 2 Blest hour! for where the Lord resorts,  
Foretastes of future bliss are given,  
And mortals find His earthly courts  
The house of God, the gate of Heaven.
- 3 Hail, peaceful hour! supremely blest,  
Amid the hours of wordly care;  
The hour that yields the Spirit rest,  
That sacred hour—the hour of prayer.
- 4 And when my hours of prayer are past,  
And this frail tenement decays,  
Then may I spend in heaven at last  
A never-ending hour of praise.

*Rev. Thos. Raffles, 1828.*

203. L. M. *Tune "Zephyr."*

- W**HERE are the dead?—In heaven or hell  
There disembodied spirits dwell;

Their perished forms, in bonds of clay,  
Reserved until the judgment-day.

2 Where are the living?—On the ground  
Where prayer is heard and mercy found;  
Where, in the compass of a span,  
The mortal makes th' immortal man.

3 Then timely warned, let us begin  
To follow Christ and flee from sin;  
Daily grow up in Him our Head,  
Lord of the living and the dead.

*J. Montgomery.*

204. L. M. *Tune, "Windham."*

**S**TRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour dies.  
Hark! his expiring groans arise:  
See from His hands, His feet, His side  
Runs down the sacred crimson tide.

2 But life attends the dreadful sound,  
And flows from every bleeding wound;  
The vital stream, how free it flows,  
To save and cleanse his rebel foes!

3 Can I survey this scene of woe,  
Where mingling grief and wonder flow;  
And yet my heart unmoved remain,  
Insensible to love, or pain?

4 Come, dearest Lord, Thy grace impart,  
To warm this cold, this stupid heart!  
Till all its powers and passions move  
In melting grief, and ardent love.

*Anna Steele.*

205. L. M. *"Old Hundred."*

**P**RAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

*Ken.*

206. C. M. *Tune S. E., with Chorus, page 52.*

**D**EAR Saviour, now to Thee I turn,  
From vanities of time;  
Thou know'st what thoughts within me burn,  
To be a child of Thine.

2 How oft, alas! I've sought for peace,  
This spacious earth around;  
But all its joys are mixed with grief,  
True comfort nowhere found.

- 3 Oh come and dwell within my heart,  
 I'll open wide the door,  
 And never, never more depart;  
 Thy goodness I'll adore—
- 4 I'll count it now my chiefest joy,  
 To know Thy righteous will;  
 And all my powers shall find employ  
 Thy pleasures to fulfill.

E. P. H.

207.

C. M. Tune "Avon."

- R**ETURN, O wanderer, return,  
 And seek thy Father's face;  
 Those new desires which in thee burn  
 Were kindled by His grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return;  
 He hears thy humble sigh:  
 He sees thy soften'd spirit mourn  
 When no one else is nigh.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,  
 Thy Saviour bids thee live:  
 Come to His cross, and grateful, learn  
 How freely He'll forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,  
 And wipe the falling tear:  
 Thy Father calls,—no longer mourn;  
 'Tis love invites thee near.

Wm. B. Collyer, 1812.

208.

C. M. Tune—S. E., page 66.

- I**N evil long I took delight  
 Unawed by shame or fear,  
 Till a new object struck my sight,  
 And stopped my wild career.
- 2 I saw One hanging on a tree,  
 In agony and blood,  
 Who fixed His languid eyes on me,  
 As near the cross I stood.
- 3 Sure, never, till my latest breath,  
 Can I forget that look:  
 It seemed to charge me with His death,  
 Though not a word He spoke.
- 4 Alas! I knew not what I did;  
 But now my tears are vain;  
 Where shall my trembling soul be hid,  
 For I the Lord have slain!

- 5 A second look He gave, that said,  
 "I freely all forgive:  
 This blood is for thy ransom paid,  
 I die that thou may'st live."

*Rev. J. Newton, 1779.*

209.

*C. M. Tune "Arlington."*

- H**OW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,  
 When those that love the Lord  
 In one another's peace delight,  
 And thus fulfill his word!—
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,  
 And with him bear a part;  
 When sorrows flow from eye to eye,  
 And joy from heart to heart!
- 3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,  
 Our wishes all above,  
 Each can his brother's failings hide,  
 And show a brother's love!
- 4 Let love, in one delightful stream,  
 Through every bosom flow,  
 And union sweet and dear esteem  
 In every action glow.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds  
 The happy souls above;  
 And he's an heir of heaven who finds  
 His bosom glow with love.

*Jos. Swain, 1792.*

210.

*C. M. Tune—S. E., page 66.*

- C**OME, dearest Lord, and feed Thy sheep,  
 On this sweet day of rest:  
 Oh! bless this flock, and make this fold  
 Enjoy a heavenly rest.
- 2 Welcome and precious to my soul  
 Are these sweet days of love;  
 But what a Sabbath shall I keep  
 When I shall rest above!
- 3 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray;  
 Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace;  
 Here, in Thine own appointed way,  
 I wait to see Thy face.
- 4 These are the sweet and precious days  
 On which my Lord I've seen;  
 And oft, when feasting on His word,  
 In raptures I have been.

*Mason.*

211. C. M. Tune—*S. E.*, page 26.

HOW sad our state by nature is !  
 Our sin—how deep it stains !  
 And Satan binds our captive minds,  
 Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace,  
 Sounds from the sacred word ;—  
 ' Ho ! ye despairing sinners ! come,  
 And trust upon the Lord.

3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,  
 And runs to this relief ;  
 I would believe Thy promise, Lord !  
 O help my unbelief.

*I. Watts, 1707.*

212. C. M. Tune, "*Balerna.*"

OH Lord, we come at Thy command,  
 And "GREAT THINGS" ask of Thee,  
 Upon Thy promise firm we stand,  
 Let us rich blessings see.

2 May we who love Thy precious name,  
 Now prove Thy gracious word,  
 We shall not surely "call" in vain,  
 Our pleadings will be heard.

3 May CHRIST to us be ALL IN ALL,  
 Of HIM we then shall tell,  
 And as we speak, the tears will fall,  
 And many turn from HELL.

4 Now may the Holy Ghost descend,  
 An we Thy "power" receive ;  
 Then shall our prayers and efforts blend,  
 And many shall believe.

5 Let crowds of sinners flock to hear,  
 How Jesus took our place,  
 And may they wipe the falling tear,  
 And praise Him for His grace.

*E. P. H.*

213. C. M. Tune—*S. E.*, page 112.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,  
 All seated on the ground,  
 The angel of the Lord came down,  
 And glory shone around.

2 Fear not, said he, (for mighty dread  
 Had seized their troubled mind,)  
 Glad tidings of great joy I bring,  
 To you and all mankind.



- 3 To you, in David's town, this day  
Is born, of David's line,  
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;  
And this shall be the sign:
- 4 The heavenly babe you there shall find  
To human view display'd  
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing-bands,  
And in a manger laid.

*Nahum Tate, 1696.*

214.

*C. M. Tune—S. E., page 105.*

- A**LL that I *was*, my sin, my guilt,  
My death, was all my own:  
All that I *am* I owe to Thee,  
My gracious, God; alone.
- 2 The evil of my former state  
Was mine, and only mine;  
The good in which I now rejoice  
Is Thine and only Thine.
- 3 The darkness of my former state,  
The bondage,—all was mine,  
The light of life in which I walk,  
The liberty,—is Thine.
- 4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,  
And taught me to believe;  
Then, in believing, peace I found,  
And now in Thee I live.
- 5 All that I am e'en here on earth,  
All that I hope to be—  
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,  
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

*Rev. H. Bonar, 1850.*

215.

*C. M. Tune—S. E., page 66.*

- I** STAND approved before the throne,  
In Christ I'm justified;  
His precious blood my sins atone,  
For me He groaned and died.
- 2 No fears of death alarm me now,  
Christ is my Righteousness;  
His name is written on my brow,  
His is my glorious dress.
- 3 He'll give me wings to fly away  
To mansions bright above;  
There I shall sing, through endless day,  
The glories of His love.

- 4 Bright pleasures now for evermore  
 Shall fill my soul with joy :  
 "Approved in Christ!" what ask I more ?  
 Let praise be my employ.

*E. P. H. 1865.*

216. C. M. *Tune—S. E., page 105.*

- W**HY do I halt in such a cause ?  
 Why do I linger here ?  
 To lean upon so strong an arm,  
 Why should I have a fear ?
- 2 Here are two leaders, here two ways—  
 To different worlds they tend ;  
 Which will I take, which will I choose,  
 And which will prove my friend ?
- 3 My fate hangs on my present choice,  
 My doom I must decide ;  
 The choice I make, for weal or wo,  
 Is one I must abide.
- 4 Now I can make my calling sure,  
 All heaven can now be mine ;  
 No longer will I hesitate,  
 Lord, hence I will be Thine.

217. C. M. *Tune, "St. Martin's."*

- H**ARK! how from Sinai's mount proceeds  
 The trumpet's awful blast !  
 While yet the heart with anguish bleeds,  
 And sinks in wo at last.
- 2 Behold the sinner's fearless soul,  
 Which love can ne'er arrest,  
 With trembling, hears the thunder roll,  
 And death approaching fast.
- 3 But lo!—what sounds of heavenly peace  
 Amid the storm I hear ;  
 When howling winds a moment cease,  
 And love succeeds to fear !
- 4 Now, on the hill of Calvary,  
 Where Jesus once was slain,  
 Sweet peace, and love, and sympathy  
 There all unbroken reign.

218. *Tune—S. E., page 26.*

- C**OME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,  
 Inspire each lifeless tongue ;  
 And let the joys of heaven impart  
 Their influence to our song.

- 2 Come, Lord, Thy love alone can raise  
In us the heavenly flame ;  
Then shall our lips resound Thy praise,  
Our hearts adore Thy name.
- 3 Dear Saviour, let Thy glory shine,  
And fill Thy dwellings here,  
Till life, and love, and joy divine  
A heaven on earth appear.
- 4 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love ;  
Our feeble notes inspire,  
Till, in Thy blissful courts above,  
We join the heavenly choir.

*Mrs. Anna Steele, 1760.*

219.

*C. M. Tune, "Azmon."*

- C**ONVINCED of sin, men now begin  
To call upon the Lord ;  
Trembling they pray, and mourn the day  
In which they scorned His word.
- 2 Young converts sing, and praise their King,  
And bless God's holy name ;  
While older saints leave their complaints,  
And joy to join the theme.
- 3 Pour down a shower of Thy great power  
On every aching heart ;  
On all who try and humbly cry,  
That they may have a part.
- 4 Come, sinners all, hear now God's call,  
And pray with one accord :  
Saints, raise your songs, with joyful tongues,  
To hail th' approaching Lord.

220.

*C. M. Doxology.*

- L**ET God, the Father, and the Son,  
And Spirit, be adored,  
Where there are works to make Him known,  
Or saints to love the Lord.

221.

*S. M. Tune, "Boylston."*

- P**RAY, without ceasing, pray,  
( Your Captain gives the word ; )  
His summons cheerfully obey,  
And call upon the Lord.

- 2 To God your every want  
In instant prayer display ;  
Pray always ; pray, and never faint  
Pray, without ceasing, pray.
- 3 In fellowship,—alone,  
To God with faith draw near :  
Approach His courts, beseege His throne  
With all the power of prayer ;
- 4 From strength to strength go on :  
Wrestle and fight and pray ;  
Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
And win the well-fought day.

C. Wesley.

222

C. M. *Tune S. E.*, page 20.

- JESUS, who knows full well  
The heart of ev'ry saint,  
Invites us all our grief to tell,  
To pray, and never faint.
- 2 He bows His gracious ear,  
We never plead in vain ;  
Yet we must wait till He appear,  
And pray and pray again.
- 3 Though unbelief suggest,  
Why should we longer wait,  
He bids us never give Him rest,  
But be importunate.
- 4 Then let us earnest be  
And never faint in prayer ;  
He loves our importunity,  
And makes His cause our care.

Rev. J. Newton, 1779.

223.

S. M. *Tune—S. E.*, page 45.

- JESUS invites His saints  
To meet around His board ;  
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold  
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 For food He gives His flesh,  
He bids us drink His blood :  
Amazing favor, matchless grace,  
Of our descending God.
- 3 This holy bread and wine  
Maintains our fainting breath,  
By union with our living Lord,  
And interest in His death.

- 4 We are but several parts  
Of the same broken bread ;  
One body hath its several limbs,  
But Jesus is the Head.

*I. Watts, 1707.*

224. S. M. Tune—*S. E.*, page 96.

THE day is drawing nigh,  
Still brighter far than this,  
When converts like a cloud shall fly  
To seek the realms of bliss.

- 2 What rapturous scenes of joy  
Shall burst upon our sight,  
When sinners up to Zion's hill  
Like doves shall speed their flight.
- 3 Beneath Thy balmy wing,  
O Sun of righteousness,  
These happy souls shall sit and sing  
The wonders of Thy grace.

225. S. M. Tune "*St. Thomas.*"

LET party names no more  
The Christian world o'erspread :  
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,  
Are one in Christ, their Head.

- 2 Among the saints on earth,  
Let mutual love be found ;  
Heirs of the same inheritance,  
With mutual blessings crown'd.
- 3 Thus will the church below  
Resemble that above,  
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,  
And everything is love.

*Toplady.*

226. S. M. Tune "*Thatcher.*"

THE Holy Ghost is here,  
Where saints in prayer agree,  
As Jesus' parting gift He's near  
Each pleading company.

- 2 Not far away is He,  
To be by prayer brought nigh,  
But here in present majesty,  
As in His courts on high.
- 3 He dwells within our soul,  
An ever welcome guest ;

He reigns with absolute control,  
As Monarch in the breast.

- 4 Our bodies are His shrine,  
And He th'indwelling Lord,  
All hail! thou Comforter divine,  
Be evermore adored!

*Chas. H. Spurgeon, 1866.*

227.

*S. M. Tune "Watchman."*

**T**RIUMPHANT news! fight on,  
"The battle is the Lord's:"  
Rest not upon an arm of flesh,  
Nor count your spears and swords.

- 2 The battle is the Lord's!  
Then victory's secure;  
Warriors of Christ, march on, march on  
And to the end endure.
- 3 The battle is the Lord's!  
Then sing and praise His name,  
Join with the hosts of old, and praise,  
For God is still the same.

228.

*S. M. Tune—S. E., page 96.*

**L**ORD God, the Holy Ghost!  
In this accepted hour,  
As on the day of Pentecost,  
Descend in all Thy power.

- 2 We meet with one accord  
In our appointed place,  
And wait the promise of our Lord,—  
The Spirit of all grace.
- 3 Like mighty rushing wind  
Upon the waves beneath,  
Move with one impulse every mind;  
One soul, one feeling breathe.
- 4 The young, the old inspire  
With wisdom from above;  
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,  
To pray, and praise, and love.

*J. Montgomery.*

229.

*S. M. Doxology.*

**Y**E angels round the throne,  
And saints that dwell below,  
Worship the Father, praise the Son,  
And bless the Spirit too.



230.

7s. *Tune—S. E., page 113.*

PEOPLE of the living God,  
 I have sought the world around,  
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,  
 Peace and comfort nowhere found.  
 Now to you my spirit turns,—  
 Turns a fugitive unblest ;  
 Brethren, where your altar burns,  
 Oh, receive me into rest !

- 2 Lonely I no longer roam,  
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave ;  
 Where you dwell shall be my home ;  
 Where you die shall be my grave.  
 Mine the God whom you adore :  
 Your Redeemer shall be mine ;  
 Earth can fill my soul no more,  
 Every idol I resign.

*J. Montgomery.*

231.

7s. *Tune "Hendon."*

HOLY Ghost, with light divine,  
 Shine upon this heart of mine !  
 Chase the shades of night away,  
 Turn my darkness into day.

- 2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,  
 Cleanse this guilty heart of mine ;  
 Long hath sin, without control,  
 Held dominion o'er my soul.
- 3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,  
 Cheer this saddened heart of mine ;  
 Bid my many woes depart,  
 Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
- 4 Holy Spirit, all-divine,  
 Dwell within this heart of mine :  
 Cast down every idol-throne,  
 Reign supreme,—and reign alone.

*Andrew Reed, 1817.*

232.

7s. *Tune "Pleyel's Hymn."*

SAVIOUR, at Thy feet we bow ;  
 O vouchsafe to meet us now !  
 At Thy people's earnest cry,  
 Bring Thy loving mercy nigh.

- 2 Thou hast said, where two or three  
 In Thy worship shall agree,

That Thou wilt be present there,  
Answering their faithful prayer.

- 3 Lord, we plead Thy promise here,  
Let Thy presence now appear;  
On our souls Thy spirit pour,  
Light, and life, and peace restore.
- 4 Raise our thoughts from things below;  
Faith's discerning eye bestow;  
Let our hearts, from sin made free,  
Hold sweet intercourse with Thee.

233.

7s. *Tune "Prayer."*

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
Jesus loves to answer prayer;  
He Himself has bid thee pray,  
Therefore will not say thee, nay.

- 2 Thou art coming to a King,  
Large petitions with thee bring,  
For His grace and power are such,  
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin,  
Lord, remove this load of sin;  
Let Thy blood for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,  
Take possession of my breast,  
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.

*Rev. J. Newton, 1779*

234.

7s. *Tune "Horton."*

HASTEN, sinner, to be wise!  
Stay not for the morrow's sun;  
Wisdom if you still despise,  
Harder is it to be won.

- 2 Hasten, mercy to implore!  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest thy season should be o'er  
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner to return!  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn,  
Ere salvation's work is done.

- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest !  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest perdition thee arrest,  
Ere the morrow is begun.

*Thos. Scott, 1773.*

235.

*7s. Tune "Hendon."*

- J**ESUS is gone up on high ;  
But His promise still is here,  
"I will all your wants supply ;  
I will send the Comforter."
- 2 Let us now His promise plead,  
Let us to His throne draw nigh ;  
Jesus knows His people's need ;  
Jesus hears His people's cry.
- 3 Send us, Lord, the Comforter,  
Pledge and witness of Thy love,  
Dwelling with Thy people here,  
Leading them to joys above.
- 4 Till we reach the promised rest,  
Till Thy face unveil'd we see,  
Of this blessed hope possess'd,  
Teach us, Lord, to live in Thee.

*Thos. Kelly, 1809.*

236.

*7s. Tune "Aletta."*

- C**HILDREN, listen to the Lord,  
And obey His gracious word ;  
Seek His face with heart and mind ;  
Early seek and you shall find.
- 2 Sorrowful your sins confess ;  
Plead His perfect righteousness ;  
See the Saviour's bleeding side ;  
Come, you will not be denied.
- 3 For His worship now prepare ;  
Kneel to Him in fervent prayer ;  
Serve Him with a perfect heart ;  
Never from His ways depart.

237.

*7s. Tune—S. E., page 113.*

- C**ALMER of my troubled heart,  
Bid my unbelief depart ;  
Speak, and all my sorrows cease !  
Speak, and all my soul is peace.

Comfort me, whene'er I mourn,  
With the hope of Thy return ;  
And, till I Thy glory see,  
Help me to believe in Thee.

*Chas. Wesley. 1762.*

238.

*7s. Doxology.*

SING we to our God above,  
Praise eternal as His love ;  
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,—  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

*C. Wesley.*

239.

*Tune "Land of Beulah."*

SEE, Lord, before Thine altar bowed,  
Prostrate my humbled soul,  
Till, from above the mercy-cloud,  
Thy voice shall speak me whole.

CHO.—Oh, for descending fire !  
Oh, for the hallowing flame !  
Come, Holy Ghost, my heart's desire ;  
I plead in Jesus' name.

2 I yield Thee all my hallowed powers,  
Thine only will I be ;  
Contented if may but know  
Thou giv'st Thyself to me.

3 Poor, sinful, vile, my offering lies,  
Yet it is all my store ;  
Nor wilt Thou, Lord, my gift despise,  
Nor spurn the contrite poor.

4 Yet not for these, but for Thy Son,  
That better sacrifice !  
Oh, to my longing soul send down  
An answer from the skies.

5 Be hushed my soul, a breath from heaven,  
Still as the gentle breeze,  
"Thy prayer is heard, thy suit is given,  
And Jesus whispers peace."

240.

*Tune "Annie Lisle."*

JESUS I am happy now,  
Happy, Lord, in Thee ;  
I have seen Thy bleeding brow,  
And felt it was for me.

CHO.—“ It is finished !” Yes, indeed,  
 Finished every jot ;  
 Sinner, this is all you need ;  
 Tell me, is it not ?

2 Jesus I to Thee would cling,  
 Every day and hour ;  
 Then my heart will always sing,  
 Of Thy love and power.

3 I would ne'er forget to pray,  
 Every day to Thee ;  
 Thou wilt teach me what to say,  
 Thou wilt answer me.

4 Lord, forbid that I should part  
 Ever from Thy side ;  
 Thou with joy wilt fill my heart,  
 If I in Thee abide.

5 Help me tell to all I know,  
 Th' story of Thy love ;  
 May they quickly to Thee go,  
 And dwell with Thee above.

*E. P. H., 1875.*

241.

7s & 6s. *Tune “ Webb.”*

SHALL we, whose souls are lighted  
 With wisdom from on high.  
 Shall we to men benighted,  
 The lamp of life deny ?  
 Salvation ! O, salvation !  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till earth's remotest nation  
 Has learned Messiah's name.

2 Waft, waft ye winds, His story,  
 And you, ye waters, roll,  
 Till, like a sea of glory,  
 It spreads from pole to pole.  
 Till o'er our ransomed nature,  
 The Lamb, for sinners slain,  
 Redeemer, King, Creator,  
 In bliss returns to reign.

*R. Heber, 1819.*

242.

*Tune “ I want to be an angel.”*

WE all must speak for Jesus,  
 Who bath redemption wrought,  
 Who gave us peace and pardon,  
 Which by His blood He bought.

We all must speak for Jesus,  
To show how much we owe  
To Him who died to save us  
From death and endless woe.

- 2 We all must speak for Jesus,  
Where'er our lot may fall,  
To brothers, sisters, neighbors,  
In cottage and in hall.  
We all must speak for Jesus,  
The world in darkness lies,  
With Him against the mighty  
Together we must rise.

243.

8s & 7s. *Tune—S. E., page 32.*

**W**ILT Thou help me, dearest Jesus,  
While I come to Thee for aid ?  
'Tis Thy precious blood that frees us  
From the debt upon us laid.  
But, dear Saviour, I implore Thee,  
Turn on me Thy pitying look,  
All my sins are now before Thee,  
Written down in God's own book.

- 2 Thou who once wast throned in glory,  
Suffered death on Calvary,  
Oh, how wonderful the story—  
Thou did'st bleed and die for me !  
Yes, that I might be forgiven,  
Thou did'st leave Thy home on high ;  
And that I might sing in heaven,  
On that cruel cross did'st die.

- 3 Now my heart is filled with gladness,  
Since my hope I stay on Thee ;  
Thou wilt drive away all sadness,  
All my sins are pardoned free.  
I shall join the heavenly chorus,  
Singing praise to Jesus' love ;  
Trusting Him, He'll go before us,  
He will bring us home above.

*E. P. H.*

244.

8s & 7s. *Tune—S. E., page 32.*

**C**OME to Jesus, all ye weary,  
Burdened with the load of sin ;  
Come to Jesus, He is ready  
To receive such wanderers in.



**CHO.**—You'll love Jesus, you will praise Him,  
You will love Him, yes, you will,  
You will love Jesus, only trust Him ;  
He'll receive you, and love you too.

3 Come to Jesus, He'll receive you,  
Take His yoke, and learn of Him.  
As your Prophet to instruct you,—  
As your King be ruled by Him.

3 Come to Jesus, He'll receive you,  
He will cancel all your guilt ;  
'Twas for this He came to save you—  
'Twas for this His blood was spilt.

*E. P. H.*

245.

*Tune—S. E., page 62.*

**S**HALL we dwell with Christ for ever,  
Shall we see Him face to face,  
Shall we hear His voice, and never  
Wander from His sweet embrace ;

**CHO.**—Yes, we'll dwell with Christ for ever,  
The glorious Christ, the precious Christ for ever;  
Dwell in light and peace, and never  
Wander from His sweet embrace.

2 No more unbelief to cloud us,  
No more tears to dim the eye,  
No more darkness to enshroud us  
In the happy home on high.

3 Gone will be the thought of sinning,  
Gone the subtle tempter's snare ;  
Satan conquered, Jesus reigning,  
Holy, blissful resting there.

*D. E. M' Nab, Sept., 1873.*

246.

*Tune—S. E., page 62.*

**S**INNERS, will you hear of Jesus,  
Of the sacrifice He made,  
That He might from all sin free us,  
And redeem us from the grave ;

**CHO.**—Yes, yes, we will hear of Jesus ;  
Say, can our guilty sins be e'er forgiven ?  
Yes, yes, we will hear of Jesus ;  
Say, can He set us free ?

2 Yes, He has the power from heaven,  
He can free you from your guilt ;  
All your sins can be forgiven,  
Since for you His blood was spilt.

3 Jesus Christ, He is the Saviour  
That can rescue you from sin ;  
Heaven's gates to you He'll open,  
And will bid you enter in.

*E. P. H., 1866.*

247.

*Tune—S. E., page 71.*

- O** HAPPY day, blest day of grace !  
When Jesus shows His smiling face,  
And bids the weary wanderer come,  
And find in Him sweet rest, at home.  
The cross uplifted draws us near,  
The Spirit whispers words of cheer,  
And waits repenting souls to bless  
In this glad day, the day of grace.
- 2 Then hasten, all who feel your need,  
From sin's dread burden to be freed ;  
To Calvary's Victim look and live,  
He only can salvation give.  
Long have you pleasure sought in vain,  
And found but weariness in pain ;  
Oh, come, your sinful steps retrace,  
Improve this blessed day of grace,
- 3 Now listen to the gospel's sound,  
Seek Jesus where He may be found,  
In Him, the Father reconciled,  
Will own and bless you as His child,  
Oh, will you longer slight His love,  
And grieve away the Heavenly Dove ?  
Refuse the Saviour to embrace,  
And perish in this day of grace ?
- 4 Forbid it, Lord ! Thy power display,  
And draw these lingering souls to-day  
Convince of sin, Thy grace impart  
To cleanse and sanctify the heart.  
Many may hear Thy gracious voice,  
And in Thy pardoning love rejoice,  
Who in eternity shall praise  
Thee for this blessed day of grace.

*Miss Campbell,  
Author of " Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."*

248.

*Tune " Your Mission."*

**H**ARK ! the voice of Jesus calling,  
Who will go and work to-day ?  
Fields are white, and harvest waiting,  
Who will bear the sheaves away ?

- Loud and long the Master calleth,  
 Rich rewards He offers *free* ;  
 Who will answer, gladly saying,  
 ||: Here am I, send me, send me. :||
- 2 If you cannot cross the ocean,  
 And the heathen lands explore,  
 You can find the heathen nearer,  
 You can help them at your door.  
 If you cannot give your thousands,  
 You can give "the widow's mite;"  
 And whate'er you give for Jesus,  
 ||: Will be precious in His sight. :||
- 3 If you cannot preach like angels,  
 If you cannot speak like Paul ;  
 You can tell the love of Jesus,  
 You can say, "He died for all."  
 If you cannot rouse the wicked,  
 By the judgment's dread alarms,  
 You can lead the little children  
 ||: To the Saviour's waiting arms. :||
- 4 Be not then "excused" by saying,  
 "There is nothing I can do,"  
 When the souls of men are dying,  
 And the Master calls for you.  
 In His name bear cups of water,  
 Cast the mountains in the sea ;  
 He has power, go, humbly tell Him,  
 ||: "Here am I, send me, send me." :||

*Rev. Dan'l March, 1869.*

249.

*Tune "Bethany."*

- NEARER, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee ;  
 E'en though it be a cross  
 That raiseth me :  
 Still all my song shall be,  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee.
- 2 Though like the wanderer,  
 The sun gone down,  
 Darkness be over me  
 My rest a stone ;  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee.

- 3 There let my way appear  
Steps unto heaven ;  
All that Thou sendest me  
In mercy given ;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.
- 4 Then with my waking thoughts,  
Bright with Thy praise  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise ;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

*Mrs. S. F. Adams, 1841.*

250.

5s, 6s & 5s. Tune " Rapture."

**O** HOW happy are they  
Who their Saviour obey,  
And have laid up their treasure above !  
Tongue can never express  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,  
When the favor divine  
I first found in the blood of the Lamb ;  
When my heart first believed,  
What a joy I received,  
What a heaven in Jesus's name !

3 'Twas a heaven below,  
My Redeemer to know :  
And the angels could do nothing more  
Than to fall at His feet,  
And the story repeat,  
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long,  
Was my joy and my song :  
O that all His salvation might see ;  
He hath loved me I cried,  
He hath suffered and died,  
To redeem such a rebel as me.

*C. Wesley.*

251.

8s, 7s & 4. *Tune, "Zion."*

**C**HRISt is coming ! let creation  
From her groans and travail cease ;  
Let the glorious proclamation  
Hope restore, and faith increase :  
Christ is coming !  
Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace.

2 Earth can now but tell the story  
Of Thy bitter cross and pain ;  
She shall yet behold Thy glory  
When Thou comest back to reign :  
Christ is coming !  
Let each heart repeat the strain.

3 With that blessed hope before us,  
Let no harp remain unstrung ;  
Let the mighty advent chorus  
Onward roll in every tongue :  
Christ is coming !  
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.

*Macduff.*

252.

8s & 7s. *Tune—S. E., page 14.*

**B**LESSED Jesus, how I love Thee,  
Thou didst suffer in my stead ;  
I will evermore adore Thee,  
'Twas for me Thy blood was shed.

2 Yes, this tongue that once was silent  
Ne'er shall cease to tell Thy love ;  
Praise shall now be its employment,  
Here on earth and up above.

3 O how changed my heart is toward Thee ;  
Once I never loved Thy name ;  
With the wicked oft I scorned Thee :  
At the thought I blush with shame.

4 Now, whenever I must listen  
To a word tow'rd Thee unkind,  
In my eyes the tears will glisten,  
And a cloud come o'er my mind.

5 I will bring, to get Thy blessing,  
All the children that I can ;  
They near Thee will soon be pressing,  
Unless pushed away by man.

*E. P. H.*

253.

*Tune—S. E., page 52.*

- M**UST Jesus bear the cross alone,  
 And all the world go free?  
 No: there's a cross for every one,  
 And there's a cross for me.
- 2 How happy are the saints above  
 Who once went sorrowing here;  
 But now they taste unmingled love,  
 And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,  
 Till death shall set me free,  
 And then go home my crown to wear,—  
 For there's a crown for me!
- 4 O precious cross! O glorious crown!  
 O resurrection day!  
 Ye angels! from the stars flash down,  
 And bear my soul away.

*Mason, alt.*

254.

*6s & 4s. Tune "Happy Land,"*

- S**AY, hast thou found a Friend?  
 Is Jesus thine?  
 His love shall never end—  
 Is Jesus thine?  
 Earth's pleasures may decrease,  
 All of human friendship cease;  
 Would'st thou have lasting peace?  
 Take Jesus thine.
- 2 Think what He did for thee,—  
 Is Jesus thine?  
 He bled upon the tree—  
 Is Jesus thine?  
 See the sun in darkness hide  
 When for you the Saviour died;  
 For you was crucified;  
 Take Jesus thine.
- 3 He is a Friend indeed,—  
 Is Jesus thine?  
 He'll be the Friend you need,—  
 Is Jesus thine?  
 He's knocking, let Him in!  
 There's no other Friend like Him;  
 He'll cleanse your soul from sin;  
 Take Jesus thine.



255.

8s, 7s & 4. *Tune "Zion."*

**F**INISHED, all the types and shadows  
Of the ceremonial law ;  
Finished all that God had promised ;  
Death and Hell no more shall awe.  
" It is finished !"  
Saints from hence their comfort draw.

2 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs :  
Strike them to Immanuel's name :  
All on earth, and all in heaven,  
Join the triumph to proclaim :  
" It finished !"  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

*Jon. Evans, 1787.*

256.

8s, 7s & 4. *Doxology.*

**L**ORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing ;  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;  
Let us each, Thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace ;  
O refresh us,  
Traveling through this wilderness.

*W. Shirley, 1774.*

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